The Nationalist.

FREEDOM. TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

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THE NATIONALIST.

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—BY THE—

NATIONALIST PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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All Communications must be Addressed to the Business Manager.

TERMS.

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Single copies..... 10

(INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.)

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Under no circumstance will any advertisement of unchaste character or doubtful influence be inserted in these columns. Notices coming from parties unknown to the Publishers, must be paid for in advance.

THE NATIONALIST, published weekly in San Francisco, at No. 5 Post street, is the advocate of the Irish Republican element. It will contain interesting news for all who love the old country, and desire to see in America a powerful united Irish party. The shareholders and trustees are well-known in San Francisco as true patriots. The friends of Ireland will without delay become subscribers. The price of the paper is ten cents per copy, or $3 a year. It will be delivered by carriers in San Francisco, or through the Post-office to any address, and is for sale at all the principal book stores.

If the proprietors of Newspapers, friendly to Ireland, would direct the insertion of the above advertisement in their columns, they would render a service to the cause, and we engage to do for them advertising of equal value.

THE GREEN, WHITE AND GOLD.

Air—The Red, White and Blue.

In the soft blooming vales of our country
Three colors shine brightest of all,
On moorland, on mountain, and meadow,
On cottage and old castle wall,
They shine in the gay summer garden,
And glint in the depths of the wold,
And they gleam on the banner of Ireland,
Our colors, the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold
To the fresh winds of Freedom untrolled!
May they gleam on the banner of Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

In the days of Fomorian and Fenian
Our colors flashed bright in the ray,
And their gleam kept the fierce Roman eagles
In Rome-conquered Britain at bay.
When Con fought his hundred red battles,
And the lightning struck Death as of old,
As he bore through Helvetia's wild gorges
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurra for the Green, White and Gold!
May they flourish again as of old,
May they wave o'er each new Fenian legion
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold!
Up many a grim breach of glory,
Up many a fierce battle tide,
Waving high o'er the red-gleaming surges
Our colors swept on in their pride;
From the day when triumphant they fluttered
O'er the legion of Brian the Bold,
Till with Sarsfield they streamed down the Shannon,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold
To the free winds of heaven untrolled;
May they gleam on the banner of Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

In those dark days of doom and disaster,
Is it dead—the old love for our land?
Are our hearts less brave than our fathers?
Comes the sword with less deft to our hand?
No! We've proved it the wide world o'er
In all lands where man's surges have rolled,
And will raise it triumphant in Ireland.
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold!
May they flourish again as of old,
May we see them triumphant in Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

A PHYSICIAN, on presenting his bill to the executor of the estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?" "No," replied the executor, "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

WHAT is that from which, if you take the whole, some will remain? The word wholesome.

The "Last of the Bards."

Duffy's Hibernian Magazine, October 1862.'

The Irish I admire
And still cleave to that lyre,
As our muse's mother;
And think till I expire
Apollo's such another.

Dark though the mists be which time casts round our early history—dim and shadowy though our tradition of the ancient day—yet, however far back we go in the records of old Erin, even to the days of Druid lore, we find traces of high musical civilization, remnants of rhymed chronicles, of bard and poet, and hear the same "voice of nations" that had paid tribute to her learning and sanctity, amidst the mediæval darkness and gloom. When we recall the historical pictures of the past, when we let the mind go back, through the long centuries, to the kingly meetings of Tara and Emania, there rises before us at council board and in festive hall the venerable form of the bard, like a messenger of peace amid the warrior nobles, taking his place in the very shadow of royalty, next to the princes of the monarch's line, leaning on his golden strings clarseaghs, with long beard flowing over his chest, and clothed with the many colored vesture, which was superior to that one alloted to men of royal lineage to wear. This was the recognition of music and song, long ago in Ireland; before Mahomet had spread the religion of the Crescent at the point of the sword; before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before Rudolph of Hapsburg had founded the Austrian dynasty, or Venice had "inscribed the names of her Doges in her books of gold." In fact, it is hard to say where, in the storied annals of our race, we find this enthusiastic taste for music, and appreciation of its power displayed as in Ireland. It was there when the Druid lit the Baal-fire on hill-top and watch-tower. It was there when the Celtic Abaris sailed to Italy, six hundred years before Christ, and knelt at the foot of Pythagoras. It was there when Ollamh Fodhla made those laws which have handed down his name as one of the world's wisest. It was there when he who "made the Consul of Aetius tremble" amid the snows of the Alps. It was there when St. Patrick came, cross in hand, to plant the new faith, when the idol fell before the advancing Saint, as Dagon of old fell before the Ark of God. It was there, in fine when Dubtach, the Archfilea of Leogaire, leaving the temple of false deities, tuned his regenerated harp to the praises of the true "Aosar." And this taste, or rather passion, is still inherent in our land and race, though, alas! our people's home-songs are oftener those of sorrow than of joy. A strange page of our history, is that which tells of the bardic civilization of Ireland when other lands "lay in darkness and the shadow;" and though most, if not all of our early history is hidden and obscured in the shadow land of fable, resting solely on the slender basis of olden traditions of the pre-historic time, it is most interesting to go back in spirit to those days, when the Druid watched by the celestial fire, or gazed at the silent stars shining in the dream-world of the sky—while the Brehon sat in his stone chair of justice, when the Ollamh thundered the war-song in the battle-fields of contending clans, or chaunted prayerful hymns by the seashore, to the echo of the sounding waves. With the creed of our ancestors was connected their music and poetry, and their worship was one sigularly pure. They adored a great spirit that pervaded all things, and stood revealed in all. They saw his beauty mirrored in the blue sea. His glory streaming on mountain-top, and over the green field, and felt his power in the storm and thunder. By and bye the primitive fault of the old belief was allowed, gradually a new phase appeared; a new system was developed. When they saw the sun in all his mid-day majesty and splendor, they confounded the material with the immaterial, the create with the increate; they saw the golden rays stretching out over vale and streamlet, and the rippling wave bending up to the kiss of the yellow beam; they saw the green hills look up to heaven like crowned kings, with a glory of a brighter land encircling their brows; and they knelt in lowly reverence to adore the handiwork of the great Spirit, and called it God. After all it was a sublime impulse, a proof and a promise of a purer life, the trace of Eden in a gross humanity—that then prompted those patriarchs of our race, as well as our Phœnician fore-fathers, to single out the object greatest and grandest that come within mortal ken, and fix there the seat, and center, and principle of Divinity. In later times this high-born belief of theirs became corrupted, and the knife of sacrifice was darkened with human blood. The creed of the Druids became degenerate, and remained so till the altars of Baal "paled their ineffectual fires," and their light went out before orient rays of Gospel truth. The Druids were divided into several classes, there were the priests—the guardians of the mysterious faith, the celebrants of the mystic rites, the preachers, and the patriarchs of the land. There were the clarsagha, who touched the golden-stringed harps, whose profession was music; the Brehons, the high justiciaries of the kingdom, who studied and administered the law, apportioned the eric of blood, and were "men wise exceedingly in their generation." Lastly there were the Bhardagh, or bards, who presided over history, poetry, and music, who were the repositories of the wild civllization of the time, the chroniclers of the past, who knew all the tradition of Firbolg, Phœnician, and Tuatha, de Donanan. They sang of princely Fenian coming over the sea in his white ships, coming from beyond the Pillars of Hercules, the ultimathule of an earlier day, coming to a beautiful Isle, seated like a King on his throne, on the bosom of the Atlantic. They sang the deeds of the mighty men that were—chaunted the "Ros-catha of battle, and handed down to us legends of antiquity from generation to generation. The bards had many privileges. Their dress was peculiar, their persons sacred, their property inviolate, and their names adorned, by the distinctions of mind and the honor of intellectual power. The teachers, the musicians, the poets, the historians of the people, their influence for good or ill, was paramount among the Celts.

During the early centuries of our land, while the turmoil and confusion shook the whole continent of Europe—while the church was suffering in her infancy against the power of lawless men; while the blood of her bravest and holiest deluged her cradle and flooded the streets of Rome in one crimson tide; while the Goth and Vandal poured down from the north on their misson of ruth and ruin; when the mistress of the world was threatened with the destruction that soon came fast upon her and the principle of supernal life that was within her, was fast springing up to that great being that was to overshadow the olden glory of Rome—Erin kept her pure and vestal vigil awaiting the coming of the glad tidings preparing silently and solemnly for her new and brilliant destiny, as the teacher, the mistress, the missionary of nations. When the clouds of paganism had passed away before the light of the Christian dispensation, the influence of the bardié body in great part remained the national feeling that even still prompts Irishmen to cling to their olden tradisions at the altar of truth. So great and powerful did this influence become, that in time it excited the jealousy of the chiefs and princes against unoffending harpers. Irish as well as English monarchs promulgated ordinances against them. One King (Hugh, A. D. 580) with a spirit like that which actuated Edward I against the Welsh bards, in later times, ordered their utter extinction, but the hand of religion came between them and ruin. The hand bore a crozier and was that of the sainted Colomba. A law at the time forbade them to enter the Pale. Later "Good Queen Bess"—who could relish a love ditty well enough, but could not tolerate the war-song or ballad that called with trumpet-tongue on the down-trodden Celts to resist her oppression—gave orders to her minions to break the harps and hang the bards. A more cruel sentence than that of which declared that a minstrel should draw the plough instead of an ox. Evil days came upon the land, groaning under oppression, bowed down with the infirmity of fear, humbled to the dust, though yet unconquered in spirit, worn out with intestine wars, and resistance to foreign invasion. No wonder that her old prestige faded away and the Muse winged her flight from the fated land, or wept and wailed over sorrows that no bravery could dispel, no courage avert. Gradually, slowly, yet surely the race of bards became extinct. The years have long since passed by when every clan had its lord, every chief his minstrel. The days have come when the clarsagha is struck no more, as in the olden time, in praise of ruby wine, or "fayre ladye." The sound of the harp that at eventide in the halls of the O'Neils, and O'Donnells, O'Sullivans and MacCauras, "the soul of music shed," is hushed, and its voice passed away, like the spirit of those who loved its tone so well. Long ago, the last of that princely poet-line lived, and played and sung, and made men steal back in thought to the far-off days that had gone into eternity for ever. He brought before them pictures of the bright-eyed maidens sitting by the Shannon or the Lee dreaming wakefully of the loved ones far away daring the foe while the gray-beard harper sung the praise of the flashing skeanor, the pointed spear. And foremost among the warriors the figure of the bard shouting the "Rosg-catha" urging the troops to victory or death, pictures of the carouse which celebrated the victory; the casque removed, the battle-axe thrown aside, the sword sheathed, the yellow-haired chiefs pledging each other in the cup of triumph and gladness, and the bard seated amongst the noblest there, singing the glory of the victory in tones of fire. A worthy descendant of the minstrel race was O'Carolan, "the last of the bards." As long as native talent finds a place in the hearts of Irishmen, as long as Irish genius, be admired, as long as patriotism is a virtue, and Nationality more than a word of faction, so long will the name of this poet, bard, musician, live. So long will his fame be enshrined with a nations pride, deep in a nations heart. There is no marble tomb over his humble grave, nor sculptured stone stretching to the clouds; no Latin epitaph of "learned length," telling how he lived, and how he wrote, and played, and died; no pension from admirers. None of these things were "in fashion" then in the iron days when the poet died; but there exists the greater monument of a people's love and remembrance, more noble than marble, more faithful than biography. Carolan was in the county Westworth (in 1670), and his family had some centuries previously held extensive possessions in that county. But the woeful time came. The gordian knot of law and justice was severed by the sword. Many a noble house of the old Milesian stock, fell to make room for the descendants of Norman Knights or Saxon swine herds. The fertile lands and teeming barns proved temptations too strong for the allies whom domestic strife had brought into the land (the old story of Hengist and Horsa told over again), the followers of Strongbow, or Pembroke, right royal cavaliers, became possessed of the broad lands of the O'Carolans, and were seized in fief of the same, by his most gracious majesty Henry the Second. It is often said that a clever child grows up stupid. It is almost as true as the axioms of "Poor Richard," that juvevile precocity is sure to end in a manhood of mediocrity, and that the young flower sprung up in mature beauty, is destined either to fade away and wither, or lose its brilliancy and bloom before it reaches its natural summer time. We cannot believe this. Surely the history of every art and profession not excepting the poet-craft itself affords examples of early talent developed and displayed in vigorous youth and manhood strong in disproof of such a theory. The life stories of Mozart, a prodigy at four, and dying in the zenith of his fame, ere his thirty-fifth year; of Ferguson the boy-philosopher, self-educated, and self-trained, of Canova, whose first essay in modelling was made on a sugar lion for a nobleman's dinner-table, when the young sculptor was only eleven years old; of Giotto, the child, found, drawing with charcoal; and Giotto the man, terminating at the age of sixty-nine in peace and honor, a life of glory; of Moore, "lisping in numbers;" of Talma a tragedian at nine: are sufficient to prove, that the prophetic glimmerings of early genius are not fallacious, that early talent does not fade, and die in the bud: that the radiancy of life's morning does not foreshadow a clouded or a dim even tide. This Carolan, like most great geniuses manifested early the wonderful talent he possessed for music and song; at twelve years of age he began to learn the harp, that grand ancient instrument, sacred to Irishmen, as well because it was the favorite instrument of the Celt, as because it resounded in the temple of Jehovah and was touched by the hand of a saint. The harp was his friend through life. It accompanied him on his travels to Leinster, Munster, and to "the north countries." He touched it by the peasant's fireside—he swept its chords in the halls of the noble—now its notes echoed with softening cadence his songs of love, and then echoed the praises of hospitality or wine.

A Protestant Clergyman on Ireland.

In a late copy of the Memphis *Avalanche*, (Tenn,) we read an interesting lecture delivered by the Rev. David Walk, to the congregation of the Lindeu-street Christian Church in this city. The lecture was the result of a tour through Europe, and the Rev. gentleman thus speaks of his feelings when he first beheld the coast of Ireland:

"The coast of Ireland! How the words thrilled me. I no longer heard the angry rush of the waters; I no longer noted the rolling and tossing of the ship; I ceased to think of the laboring groaning engines. I thought only of the blessed, solid earth on which my eyes were feasting. Yes, there could be no mistake; those are the towering hills of Ireland, There she stands like a dear mother, stretching forth her arms over the stormy deep, inviting her children to her breast; rising up from the ocean like a beautiful goddess, she is the first to offer rest to the weather-beaten mariner, and to give the traveler from the new world a welcome. Long live old Ireland! Green be her fields, bright be her skies, and happiness be the portion of her sons and daughters."

Alluding to Catholic and Protestant Ireland, he said: "My business is to state facts—not to make them. Of course, I had ever been taught—in fact, I had read it in a Sunday School book—that the North of Ireland, which is supposed to be Protestant, is greatly superior to the South of Ireland, which is supposed to be Catholic. Now, I have been through Ireland, from the extreme South to the extreme North, and I aver, upon the honor of a gentleman and a Christian, that a greater fraud than the assumed superiority of the Protestant over the Catholic population of Ireland was never palmed off upon an innocent and unsuspected public. It is pitiful when men attempt to coin religious capital out of such material. On the other hand, I saw more squalor, more abject misery, more poverty and wretchedness in Glasgow and Edinburg than in the whole of Ireland put together. Scotland is Protestant; Ireland is Catholic. I say it is my duty to state facts as I see them, and not to allow religious prejudices to blind my eyes to the truth. The sun of Heaven shines on no fairer land than the South of Ireland. From Mallow on the Blackwater to Cork on the Lee, it is pure and beautiful as a dream in the heart of a sinless maiden. I saw just two cities in Europe which I should care to live in. One of these is Dundee, in Scotland, and the other, Cork, Ireland—with a decided preference for Cork. Everywhere in Ireland I was treated like a gentleman. Never for a single instant was I maltreated by a human being.

Points of View.

It is a curious thing, too, to note the different way in which nature affects or interests people. A grand mountain does not inspire all beholders with awe and a sense of the sublime, nor does the sea give every one an idea of space, power, grandeur, and depth. As a rule, I am inclined to think familiarly with nature, if it does not breed contempt, does not inspire any particular reverence For instance, the miner is not at all impressed with the wealth and wondrous construction of the earth, but rather regards it as a means to enable him to revel in unlimited beer on Saturday night. The moon, I suppose, has as much weak sentiment to answer for as anything in nature, and I imagine it really does invoke whatever there is of pensiveness, melancholy, or sentiment in most people, though to the multitude it is entirely suggestive and commonplace. The professional way of looking at things is also a curious study, but this, I suppose, proceeds from the mind being trained in one groove, from which it finds it difficult to depart. In fact, the view one takes of right and wrong seems to me, in a great measure, dependent upon one's rearing and education. At all events, when one takes the wrong view, it would be comforting to be able to lay the flattering unction to one's soul that it is owing to one's parents not having successfully defined right and wrong: just as a pointer would be apt to regard larks as game, were he not otherwise taught It may be said that light would not be tolerable if we all saw things in the same light. For instance, if all mankind, brought into contact with the object of my affections, regarded her, as I of course do, as the most beautiful and estimable of her sex, it would be—to put it mildly—rather overpowering. Suppose we all agreed in deeming Tennyson the greatest of our living poets, many an embryo poet would lack encouragement to rise. A certain amount of resistance, opposition, or difference in the way of looking at things seems to me necessary, or we should utterly collapse. What would steam be without resistance? I think, therefore, we may look upon opposition, or difference of opinion, like gravitation, as one of nature's great laws; and it certainly cropped up in the first place, as regards man, in a woman, viz., in Eve's difference of opinion as to the advisability of eating certain fruit. The point, however, that appears to me difficult to ascertain, is, where this difference in looking at things first appears, and how it is caused? It seems the exception now, rather than the rule, that "as the cock crows, so crows the cockerel," and yet one would think this a natural state of things, as similarity in the way of looking at things must arise from the effect of early education and surrounding circumstances, and therefore must be, while the child is in its infancy, controllable to a certain extent by the parents. Cannot a generation be experimentalized upon? If any one—say Mr. Cole—would show us the right view to take of things in general? I suppose that it really depends more upon stomach, temperament, or intellect than anything else. It is to be hoped, however, that, upon the whole, there is a preponderance of people who look at things in a right light, over those who look at them in a wrong one. Here, however, I feel rather "concluded," as, after all, who shall determine which is the right and which the wrong view? Feeling that I am rapidly getting out of my depth, I will quit my subject here, before quite losing my feet.—*St. Paul's Magazine.*

Our Tule Lands.

It would seem, from the ignorance displayed by the press of this State, *and by Congressmen*, in regard to swamp lands in California, that people travel with their eyes shut. The immense bodies of almost unreclaimable tule lands that skirt the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, observable both from railroads and steamboats, should certainly convince any man with "half an eye," that there were certainly *some* lands in this State "unfit for cultivation without reclamation!" Notwithstanding the fact that the Department at Washington, after taking evidence, decide almost invariably in favor of the State's title, the newspapers still continue to insist that all this was done through fraud! Not only, as the papers of our State insist, in all this tule land, on which the water generally stands from one to twenty feet deep for nearly half the year, a splendid place for settlers, if they were not kept off by the speculators, but we find the New York *Tribune* gives us a lesson upon it! A dispatch, dated March 8th, says:

"To-day's *Tribune* says California has been cursed, among other varieties of land-grabbing, with a peculiar practice, which had its root in the State Land Department. Favorites were given hints from the State Surveyor-general's office, in former times, by which they could claim under the State, large tracts of so-called swamp-lands, listed to the State by the Act of 1866. Applicattons were made by the ream, rushed through the State office, and confirmed by the State authorities. The lands claimed were certified as swamp, on evidence collected during spring freshets, when they were temporarily overflowed; though these same tracts would require irrigation before the hot, dry California summer was over. Most of these claims are held by sharp speculators, who have or have had their confederates in the State offices. The United States Land Commissioner has just decided substantially in their favor."

The writer of the article either knew nothing, or else he presumed a deal upon the ignorance of his readers. He says these favorites claimed immense tracts of land listed to the State by *the* Act of 1866. What Act of 1866? The only Act of 1866 we know of, authorizing any "listing," was the Act which confirmed to the State all such land as had been sold by the State in good faith to *bona fide* purchasers prior to the passage of the Act! And yet applications were made "by the ream" by the favorites of the State office, for this land! When people publish statements, they should, at least, have some knowledge of *facts*. There has never been a need for confederates in the State Land Office to get any information in the possession of the officers, and the applications for swamp land under the law is made to the County Surveyor, and the records are kept in his office.

This charge of land being listed on evidence gathered in the spring, when temporarily overflowed, is, generally speaking, without foundation. Owing, however, to our wet and dry seasons, there is some land on which the water stands for half the year. Possibly that, in order to make it produce well such vegetables or other small crops which the time would permit to be raised, would be helped by irrigation—this proves nothing. From the very nature of the United States land laws, from the debates in Congress in 1850 on the passage of the bill granting the swamp lands to the States, it is very evident that all the land upon which the settler could not go and make his home, by reason of the overflow, was granted.

It will require millions of dollars to render our tule lands fit for habitation. The complete reclamation of these lands would almost double the producing capacity of the State; and we cannot but consider it very short-sighted in our papers to slander the title, and misrepresent these lands and the owners whenever an opportunity occurs.—*Catholic Guardian.*

THE reason an urchin gave for being absent from school was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing-down with a bedcord, and he waited to hear him howl.

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 29, 1873.

OUR PAPER.

Wanted. Immediately,

The Friends of Ireland, and the Friends of Universal Freedom, to subscribe for

THE NATIONALIST,

The antagonist of everything Sectarian or Sectional, the Denouncer of Humbug and Fraud, the Foe to Monarchy and Tyranny, the Friend of Republicanism and Free Institutions, the Champion of IRISH RIGHTS and the Rights of Humanity.

To make this Journal what it can become—a credit to the people for whom it is written—EXTENSIVE PATRONAGE is needed. Therefore, send in your Subscriptions and Advertisements at once, and make your friends do likewise to No. 5 Post street.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

It should not be needfnf to speak to Irishmen of the importance of military training. Sooner or later there is soldier's work before them, and in our time it is impossible for a man to do a soldier's duty without a soldier's education. The Franco-Prussian war has shown that enthusiasm and courage without previous training are utterly powerless in the field of battle against tactics and discipline, and the lesson should not be thrown away on us Irishmen. Indeed, apart from our feelings as Irishmen, we regard the citizen of a free country who cannot play the part of a soldier at need as deficient in an important qualification to his citizenship. That the Irish in California are certainly not behind other classes of their fellow-citizens in appreciating this fact is shown by the number of militia companies they have formed in this city; but, unfortunately, they are not equally judicious in applying it to practice. The drill, step, handling of arms, and still more, the organization of companies and regiments are, no doubt, important parts of a soldier's education; but they are very far from being the whole of it, or even the whole of what can and should be acquired by a properly trained volunteer force. The power of enduring fatigue, skill in the use of arms as distinguished from merely handling them on parade, and general bodily activity are as essential to a soldier as familiarity with the drill exercise. All these qualities require training for their development as much as any other faculties, and it is precisely in this point that we are behind other sections of the population. Rifle clubs, fencing schools, and gymnasiums are utterly neglected by the Irishmen of California, and the athletic games which were so popular with them at home are quickly forgotten here. The Germans and Swiss have numerous societies for cultivating their bodily powers—turn-vereins, rifle clubs, and others—but not a single one is maintained by the Irish population of San Francisco. We are well aware that this neglect of bodily training is not confined to the Irish. Americans share in it only too much; but our affair at present is with our own countrymen only, and we urge on them again and again the importance of this part of education. The tendency of city life is to unfit men for a soldier's duty to an extent that is hardly appreciated here. In Berlin, where compulsory military service is required on the part of all fit to use arms, it was noted a few years ago that only one in seven, and in some districts one in eleven of the young men of military age was fit for admission into the army. If such be the case among a people like the Prussians, with their half military education from childhood up, it must be even worse among us here in San Francisco. We cram the young with overdoses of often perfectly useless book learning, and entirely neglect the proper physical training of their bodies. Both for them and for those who are already grown up we urge the establishment of one or more gymnasiums, and for the latter, especially, we hope soon to see a rifle club and fencing school formed among our Irish population. The Irish companies could establish both with little difficulty or expense, and the result would amply repay that trouble or expense, whatever it might be. Target excursions are very well in their way, but practice is required to prepare for them, and that practice can be attained by the establishment of special clubs, with frequent meetings. We throw out these suggestions for the consideration of the Irishmen of San Francisco, hoping that they will not be without fruit in bringing about a much needed improvement in our system of military training. It is for the companies themselves to decide how best to accomplish the desired object, but the need of some steps is fully apparent, and we trust they may quickly be taken.

THE MODOC WAR!

The news from "the seat of war" which has appeared in the *Chronicle* and *Call* is an excellent sample of comedy in large type. Forty savages in a mud-hole defying forty millions of people! All Americans!! Isn't that alarming? Wouldn't Captain Hughes of the Irish Legion with less than half his company settle the question in less than half a day? and save the expenses of ink and "war correspondents at the front?"

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped on the icy pavement. "Going to get up!" was the blunt reply.

MAJORITIES MUST RULE.

The position of leader of a large Irish party is not very desirable. Every man thinks himself fit to be captain and the result is discontent and no action. Among such a people full of talent, and possessing unlimited ambition there are a great many fit to command, but there are only few fit to obey. What enabled the dull souled thoughtful Germans to move like a great machine and crush Imperial France? Was it superior valour? No. The descendants of the heroes of Austerlitz Jena and Marengo were crushed by the calm thoughtful men who learned the art of obedience. The bravery that was irresistible in a bayonet charge is "played out," by modern science. The fiery soldier must make way for the calm, steady veteran who knows that scientific skill is the great captain of the present age. In electing captains, officers of any grade, or men to occupy places of trust anywhere it is absolutely necessary to be very cautious and to make sure that the best man is chosen, but when the election is over it is "too late" to find fault or make any objection. The majority made the choice, and the minority are discontent! That is evidence of insignificance. The majority must rule, their decision is the will of the people and the discontented minority, who try to set aside the decisions of the majority are traitors and deserve to be slaves. It some times happens that the majority have erred. When they have been influenced by whiskey, or bribery, their decision may be fatal to Liberty. Even so the minority are bound to obey. If five men swear solemnity to do what a majority of the five declare necessary would two be justified in refusing to act because one of the three happened to be drunk at the time they decided on doing a certain act? Not at all. If they refuse to obey they are traitors. Temperance, common sense, and obedience, are three good friends: we recommend them to the notice of all Irishmen who desire to occupy a foremost place in this iron age.

Modern science is now creating a wonderful revolution. Its influence will be felt in Europe long before it reaches us. It has been felt in France. The German armies moved like great machines, by scientific skill, carried the Krupp cannon to the gates of Paris, and the thunder of these great guns announced the birth of the new revolution. The majority of men are really very insignificant, and cannot see at all. We suppose that O'Connell and the people of Ireland secured Catholic emancipation. What an error. That important scrap of justice was secured by the invention of the steam engine. The truth is, England is as selfish today as she was in the days of Elizabeth, but England is wise—she watches the new revolution, and she compels her selfishness to hide behind her wisdom. The steam engine repealed the laws that enabled her to call herself "mistress of the seas," and the laws that enabled her to rule Ireland. Under the old system war ships should wait for wind and tide; under the new system wind and tide are disregarded. A steam fleet defies both, and goes to sea in a gale. The steam engine brought our old friend France, with her magnificent fleets and armies, within six hours of Ireland *in any weather*, and it was a knowledge of this fact that secured Catholic emancipation. The influence of modern science has directed all modern legislation in England. Indeed, it has influenced England more than any other European nation. England is wise and strong, and the people who hope to crush her in conflict, must certatnly learn the art of obedience, and never forget that majorities must rule. Resisting their decrees is treason.

HOME RULE.

The people of Ireland are at present engaged in an effort to secure "Home Rule. Remembering how much the people are in the hands of the landlords and the clergy, we cannot see how a parliament in college green would be a blessing. We have no hesitation in saying that "the united Parliament," composed of English and Irish landlords, would be more likely to make good laws for Ireland than a parliament composed entirely of Irish landlords; and we assert that, under the laws now existing, the Irish people would have no power to elect the men fit to make such laws as would rid them of the great *monster* curse, and that is Irish landlordism, In the new Landlord and Tenant Law there is a clause that enables Irish tenants to become owners in fee. The government agrees to lend two thirds of the purchase money of his farm to any tenant; he pays five per cent for fifty years—a sum in all cases less than the present rent; at the end of fifty years the tenant, by paying the interest, pays the principal, and becomes his own landlord. That clause contains a hint that Irishmen do not seem to notice. It says very plainly to the Irish people, by paying rent you purchase the fee simple of your farms twice in a hundred years, and twice you surrender your holdings to your persecutors. And such is the fact. Now, it is apparent that England is on the eve of a war with Russia. Without the assistance of old Ireland she cannot fight at all. To secure the friendship of the Irish people old Bull would willingly purchase the fee simple of all Ireland, and give the land to the people if they were wise enough to demand this substantial proof of honesty. Instead of asking a substance they demand a shadow. If the people of Ireland were as they ought to be—their own landlords—they could elect a hundred real representatives, and these men would rule the three kingdoms or establish an Irish Republic. We intend the preceding observations for our friends in Ireland. Our own duty is very clear—to direct all the energy of Irish-Americans to the importance of creating an IRISH REPUBLIC. In the discharge of this duty we receive no assistance from those who say "Home Rule is all we ask." Home Rule by Irish landlords is nothing better than a jump "out of the frying pan into the fire."

OUR Irish friends are requested to remember us. The NATIONALIST is intended to gladden the fireside of many an Irish home in America and news from the old country is to the Irish man most interesting. Therefore we hope the Proprietors of Irish newspapers will take care to have the exchanges forwarded regularly to our office. The Irish in America want home news, and we hope to have an opportunity of gratifying them with choice selections from the patriotic Irish Press. News from home. News from home. that is what we want.

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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 29, 1873.

Feminine Idols.

The feminine idol, truth to say, is not regarded with any very great amount of love and respect by his male associates: As a rule, they are prone to put him down as a conceited, nerveless dandy, who cultivates the society of women because he is perfectly aware how ill-adapted he is to shine in that of men. Much of the dislike with which they regard him may have its rise in the fact that he is in the habit of giving himself airs on the score of his alleged feminine conquests. He is careful to avoid open ruptures with his maligners, assuming towards them almost excessive politeness, and is watchful not to give them opportunities of venting their pipue upon him. You seldom find him in the hunting-field, indulging in a game of cricket, or engaged in any rough-and-tumble amusement. Billiards he has a liking for, probably because the pastime can be indulged in without any physical pains and penalties supervening. Croquet he also affects, chiefly because it brings him in company with those in whose society he is most at ease, and in which he flatters himself he appears to most advantage. Nor does he object to any drawing-room pleasure, while dancing is one of the greatest enjoyments of his life. Though he is what may be termed a "slow" man himself, he encourages "fastness" in his lady associates. To hear him talk to them one would be led to the conclusion that he was the hero of a hundred dangerous exploits, and that he is, altogether, a very remarkable man. Whether his various anecdotes relating to himself are believed is very doubtful, but, being fairly interesting (much more so than his ordinary "small talk"), they pass current without listeners openly expressing their incredulity. He is fond of fostering naughty tendencies in those young ladies to whom he pays homage. To induce them to take a little more than the orthodox quantity of wine or to indulge in slang phrases pleases him immensely. It is difficult to say why this should be so, for, putting the wine on one side, slang phrases are, for the most part, witless, vulgar, and ugly, and the fact that they issue from between pretty lips does not materially improve them, while the speaker is certainly debased. The feminine idol also prompts his female friends to dress extravigantly—both as regards money and style—to indulge in a good deal of pronounced flirtation, and to make a mystery of all that they do. Indeed, it is his aim to assimilate them as closely as possible to himself—to make them as deficient of moral purpose and as fond of a levity, which frequently becomes almost as immoral as he is. It is he who principally sets up the dictum that the less a woman belonging to a certain station in life knows, the more deserving member of the community is she. It is he, too, who mainly seeks to perpetuate the artificial and absurd barriers which divide class from class and sub-divide each class into a number of small divisions. He is one of those who go to see a picture which he cannot appreciate, because it is "the thing," and persuades his friends not to witness a play which they really could enjoy, because "it isn't the thing." He cultivates a disagreeable mock cynicism, and infects those whom he has any influence over with the same evil, carping spirit as he is himself possessed of. Unfavorably commenting upon people behind their back is one of his favorite amusements; and he and his female associates have many quiet sniggers over the infirmities and failings of their fellow-men and women. We should have written "laughs," only it is against his code of principles to do anything so vulgar. He cultivates an air of indifferent languor and simpers as much unlike a man speaks as possible. His "get-up" costs him many anxious thoughts, and is frequently a strange medley of absurdities. The best way, in his opinion, to secure a woman's favor is to tell her as many untruths as possible anent her personal appearance and her numerous and varied charms and talents. For the rest, he does not scruple to boast, to acquaintances, of the influence he has over her nor to laugh at the absurd and semi-improper things he has induced her to perform. And, though he professes to admire her "fast" tendencies so much, he has no hesitation in speaking disparagingly of her on their account Were she to hear his outspoken criticisms she might be led to act differently.

It may well be asked how such a man as the feminine idol acquires any influence. He does not obtain very much, the greater portion of the feminine community estimating him at his true worth. But there are a number of weak-minded women ready to do anything to secure the admiration even of a dolt or a knave, and over such as these he acquires a certain amount of ascendancy. Blinded by his loudly expressed approval of their follies, they are led, in spite of their common sense, to imagine that they are doing that which is really commendable and would have been done long before had it not been for that straight-laced body Mrs. Grundy. Yet even these, down at the bottom of their hearts, despise him on account of what may be termed his depraved effeminacy and his utter inability, began in the first instance probably by disinclinations, to do anything useful either for himself or anybody else. His innate selfishness, too, causes them to regard him with more or less disfavour. But their love of male homage or flattery being greater than their affection for anything else, they lay themselves out to attract his favourable notice, regardless of the fact that in doing so they disgust many interested onlookers and amuse still more who are disinterested. The worst part of the business is that, having once adopted a line of conduct such as that indicated, they have great difficulty in abandoning it. This is increased by the fact that in time they form little cliques, which support and cheer each other on. The members of these cliques are looked at askance by more sober-minded folk, and avoided as much as practicable by many. Thus they are left pretty much to themselves, and are thereby deprived of the sobering influences to which they might otherwise be subjected. As one extravagance leads to another, where all is extravagance it is not surprising that occasionally a state of things supervenes positively painful to contemplate. Let any one watch a feminine idol and his victim, and the spectator must at once be impressed with their mixture of stupidity and conceit. He flatters himself that he is deceiving her, she persuades herself that she is deceiving him. Neither seems to imagine that he or she is deluded. Yet such is the case. Though both are fond of extorting admiration, neither have a very good opinion of each other, nor believe half the things given utterance to. Were their vanity not so great they could not help seeing this. It is, we are afraid, useless appealing to their common sense. The feminine idol, when he is not a mere noodle, is so wrapped up in his own conceit that it would be simply impossible to convince him that he makes a grand mistake. Nothing but stern experience can do that. But retributive justice generally overtakes him. With the departure of his youth passes away the power of influencing female character, his attempts to do so only succeeding in bringing a vast amount of ridicule down upon himself. This he can ill bear so his mortification can be more easily imagined than described. Few will say, however, that he does not merit all the penalties that are meted out to him.

The Tarpey Tragedy.

EDITOR NATIONALIST:—Now that the victim of the dread tragedy perpetrated near Monterey is beyond where human praise or censure can affect him more, and naught can be done save to vindicate his memory, will you be kind enough, in justice to the dead and those who loved him, to insert this communication.

Judging from the statements made by the majority of the San Francisco pspers, who, very evidently, received their information from those who sought to justify his violent "taking-off," one unacquainted with Matthew Tarpey would have supposed that he was a lawless desparado. Those who know him best regard him in a far different light. Ardent and impulsive in his nature; quick to resent a wrong, and firm to support the right; brave to very rashness, he was regarded as a protector to the weak and a terror to the lawless. The people living exposed to the lawlessness of the bands of horse thieves and murderers that have long infested that section of the country, found in him their best protector; and when the peace officers were in need of aid he was the first upon whom they called to assist them in apprehending an offender.

Judging Mr. Tarpey from the standard of the newspapers reports, no one would have imagined this, for he was represented as a cowardly craven, who begged piteously and dastardly for his life. That too was false. In his last hours he deported himself with becoming manliness, and if he prayed to his God, and invoked the intercession of the Virgin and the saints, there are those who regard such an act as no reflection on his character.

Neither was he, as represented, a blatant and unprincipled politician. A man of very decided opinions, he was faithful to his political professions, and when any friend of his aspired to office, he took a deep interest in his behalf; but he never sought a nomination for himself, nor would he permit his name to be used in connection therewith. Possessing more than ordinary culture, well read in the current topics of the times, with a ready flow of good language, he was often called to address his fellow-citizens.

In a political canvass the subject of his commendation had reason to feel grateful; of his condemnation, to feel aggrieved. He was no mincer of matters, nor did he use words to conceal thoughts, but rather to express them, too often, perhaps, too forcibly. His bold, fearless and catching tongue often cut his enemies to the quick, and for this they hated him. As a citizen he was honest in his dealings, generous in his charities, the poor he befriended with a liberal hand, the struggling he assisted with his money, even in the mob that hunted him, were men who up to the last hour of his life were the recipients of his kindness.

In his private relations Matthew Tarpey was a man of more than ordinary merit; sober, moral and industrious. He realized a large fortune—not by usury or fraud, but by honest and legitimate pursuits. As a son he was dutiful; as a husband faithful; as a parent kind. Throughout his life, as in his last moments, the honor of his family was dearer to him than life. To save him from the ignomony attached to the gallows, he begged to be shot. But it is no shame to be hanged by a mob—a lawless, merciless rabble, that can assemble around a granite-walled prison and take therefrom a man who was no fugitive from justice, but who had surrendered himself to the authorities, and despite the prayers and tears of his aged mother, his wife, his daughters, his sister, and without trial—even that which is well called *wild*, but mis-called *justice*, accorded the most abandoned of malefactors—strangle him to death. Such a mob can sully no character save their own, or attach any igonomoy, save but to themselves.

In justification of the act, it is said that there are times when the laws delays and immunities from punishment justify such dread resort. Such doctrine is false and anarchical. If the laws or their manner of administration are not equal to the demands of the times, there are modes that experience has established as most effectual and salutary to make them so. It is not by out-lawry and violence that society is to be protected. The deeds of a mob, no matter what their provocation, are more appalling than those of an individual, and the circumstances and occasion of Tarpey's assassinnation are far less justifiable than those of the offense which he had committed.

That Mr. Tarpey took an unlawful means to recover his lawful property, "was a serious fault, and seriously hath he answered it;" but that there were extenuating circumstances, time and investigation will prove, as surely as men are being convinced that malice, petty local spites, hates and jealousies had much to do in impelling the mob that took his life.

VERITUS.

San Francisco, March 26, 1873.

From *The Owl* edited by the boys of Santa Clara College we take the following acrostic:

Come to my longing lips Mistress most Sweet!
Innocent art thou of wanton flirtation,
Give me the art to write soft flowing feet
And fill the smooth numbers with thy inspiration:
Raise up my thoughts as thou ever canst raise them!
Even tho' poor be these verses of mine;
Thou wilt accept them tho' no critic praise them:
To thee Indite them my sweet valentine
Ever through life shall my homage be thine.

The ring of the true metal is there. On the next page (250) we find "a Californians opinion of his country" beginning with

We're the finest State in the Union:
That is what we are!
Do you know 'tis my opinion
That that thar
Constellation up in Heaven
Was named from our Grizzly Bar.

Is not that rigmarole? WE are not a State: thar is not a word; it may be called a vulgarism. Such words ought to be excluded from "College." The prose essays in *The Owl* are creditable to these juvenile editors.

WHAT is the world coming to when even the babes exhibit such alarming precocity as did a little seven-year-old charmer in Brattleboro, who, the other day, sent her "beau" a love-letter couched in the following apt and possibly familiar words: "They that seek me early shall find me.'

KIDNAPING GIRLS.

How the New York Dens of Indiana are Recruited—Their League with the Police.

The New York *Herald* thus tells how the dens of degradation in that city are supplied with inmates from the country. A young lady disappeared from her home a short time since, and a detective was employed to endeavor to find her. She was traced to a house of ill repute in West 31st street. A married sister of the girl went to the house. (We quote:)

She pulled the bell at the door, and, being admitted into the hall, demanded that her sister be at once restored to her. The ogress who presides over the nasty sty made her appearance and in a cracked, discordant voice, asked in broken Dutch, "What the lady wanted her sister for?"

"To take her out of this hell, to be sure," was the answer.

"Then you can't have her," piped the smashed-up organic melange in the throat of the ogress; "and if you don't get out I shall call a policeman," at the same time tapping a communicator that was under her hand.

Shortly afterwards a messenger boy arrived from a telegraph station in the neighborhood, and close upon his heels followed Officer V. W. Rowland, of the Twenty-ninth Precinct. The lady (Mary's sister) told the writer that the officer's conduct to her was most brutal, and she intends to make a statement of all the facts before the Police Commissioners. He at once took sides with the ogress, ordered Mary's sister out of the house, and emphatically told her she should not have her sister. Mary's sister doubted his being an officer from his conduct, and he indignantly pulled back his coat and showed her his shield. The lady then begged his pardon (this is literally her statement) and asked for his protection. "I'll protect you by putting you out. Come; you have no business here."

The lady remonstrated with the officer and told him it was the first time she was ever in a place of the kind, but she would not leave until her sister went with her.

One of the wretched inmates of the place, sympathizing with the brave little woman who dared to face such a blackguard in such a den, whispered in her ear,—

"Hall bedroom, second floor back."

She made for the door, dashed it open, and her sister was standing in the middle of the room weepping bitterly.

She had heard her sister's voice, and knew she had come to take her away. Both sisters then walked down into the hall, and left the house unmolested. When they were going away from the house the policeman was closeted with the ogress in the front parlor of the den.

The girl's story is that she met the proprietress of the house in the street, when out on an errand, who, addressing her, said:

"My dear, you are very pretty. Would you like to go to New York, live in a fine house and wear elegant clothes like me?"

Mary thinking she would, told the ogress "Yes," and consented to go to New York with her. The next day the ogress drove into the street Mary lived in, and sent the coachman to the house of Mary's mother to ask for the young lady.

But the mother refused to let her go. The woman, however, waited in Boston until she got another chance, and then carried her off in the cars, with several other girls the wretch had inveigled.

It is said that almost all the houses of ill-fame in the upper part of the town have these telegraph connections (says the *Herald*,) and all the telegraph offices have policemen detailed from the Metropolitan Department for duty. Money is a powerful instrument, but this is a power it should never have been able to secure.

The Tarpey Homicide—A New Version of the Affair.

SALINAS CITY, March 24.—It is reported here that the man O'Neil who was with Mrs. Nicholson at the time of her death has made a statement in Watsonville to the effect that Tarpey aimed his gun at him, and he (O'Neil) pulled her in front of him to protect his own body.

A large cross has been cut in the bark of the tree upon which Tarpey was hanged, and can be plainly distinguished from the road.

Judge Belden and District Attorney S. F. Geibe will hold a consultation to-morrow in reference to the advisability of commencing criminal proceedings against the leaders of the mob. The feelings here has entirely changed, and most of the citizens think that those who took part in the hanging should be punished.

MR. TARPEY'S WILL.

SANTA CRUZ, March 26.—The last will and testament of Mathew Tarpey will be filed for probate to-morrow by Judge Albert Hagan of this place, who has been retained by the wife of the deceased to take charge of the estate. The will bears the date of January 2, 1871, and is in the hand-writing of the testator. He appoints his wife sole executrix of all his property, to dispose of as she may deem proper, without bonds, and he signifies his desire to have his wife convey to his three children certain pieces of property in such a manner as to disqualify them from disposing of the same, but to insure them an income through life. The estate is valued at $65,000. The witnesses are Andrew Craig and Daniel McCusker

The will which was executed at the request of Tarpey just before his death is illegal, as it is neither signed nor attested, so that the watch, horse and money which was willed to different parties at this time will revert to his wife.—*Monitor*.

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....DEALERS IN....
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, ETC.
Southeast Corner of Fourth and Minna Streets, San Francisco. mh9-tf

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....DEALER IN....
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BLACKSMIHS, CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKERS.
JOBBING of every description executed with dispatch in a workmanlike manner.
Nos. 654, 656 & 658 Howard st., near Third, San Francis'o. jy4-tf

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C. STORM. A. J. SHRADER.
Storm Co.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Wood and Coal.
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D. LAMMON. M. O'BRIAN.
Lammon & O'Brian,
SOUTH PARK BAKERY.
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DR. JOHN ROLL, the most wonderful Fortune Teller in the world, can be found at No. 835 Pacific Street, between Stockton and Powell. He uses all kind of witchcraft, cures all diseases and spells, causes love, returns anythin that is stolen, or run away, and cures drunkards from drinking. He will give love and luck to all wh want it Don't forget to call and see him. jy4-tf

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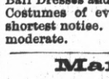
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—DEALER IN—
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(*Successor to* C. BORCHARD.)
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Boot Maker.
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Framing and Re-Gilding Done at Lowest Prices.
Goods will be sold on weekly installments, if required. mh9-tf

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Lead and Copper Worker, manufacturer of Hydraulic and Artesian Well Pipe, No. 130 Third Street, between Mission and Howard, San Francisco.
Job work of all kinds done in the best possible manner. Particular attention paid to Hotel and Restaurant work.—Water Pipe laid and Plumbing work done. Leaky Roofs repaired and Smoky Chimneys cured.
American Improved, also the Union, eureka, Richmond and Richmond Improved Ranges. jy4-tf

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The latest improved Spectacles. Weak sight strengthened, strong sight preserved, by the use of these Spectacles; superior to any now in common use; persons may use these for any length of time without causing the sight to ache. Spectacles for $1, and upward. As I have had 35 years practice in the business, I have good experience in suiting sight. All kinds of spectacles repaired and reglassed by J. O'NEILL, Optician. 407 Third street, near Harrison. jy-tf

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Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars....English Ale and Porter on Draught....Ale, Beer and Porter Five Cents per Glass....Genuine Staffordshire Ale.
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Meals, - - - - - - - - 25
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The Cars pass the Hotel every fifteen minutes to all parts of the city. jy4-tf

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 29, 1873.

Prospectus

—OF—

THE NATIONALIST,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Published Every Saturday at No. 5 Post Street, San Francisco,

--BY THE—

Nationalist Printing and Publishing Company.

The friends of Ireland and the friends of universal freedom have long felt the want on this Coast of a newspaper which should rigorously exclude from its columns all matters not tending to the advocacy of their principles, the defense of their rights, the increase of their knowledge and numbers, the elevation of their sentiments and character, and the formation of an effective union among all sections, parties, creeds and classes of liberty-loving Irishmen and their allies.

To supply this want, as well as to contribute something towards the establishment of a Republic on Irish soil, and the spread of free institutions to every part of the earth, has the NATIONALIST been established. The importance of the work to be performed and the necessity of performing it well, has led to the joint-stock Company of Irishmen, Irish-Americans and others, with the title given above. This Company undertakes to publish the NATIONALIST in future, and pledges itself that this newspaper shall be distinguished by the following characteristics.

ITS MAIN OBJECT SHALL BE THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A REPUBLIC ON IRISH SOIL. As means towards that end, it will inculcate the necessity of a cordial union among all sections of Irishmen, irrespective of creed, race or locality; the advisability of forgiving and forgetting past differences; the need that exists for harmony among the different organizations of Irishmen; the futility of expecting Irish liberty from other source than Irish arms in Irish hands; the duty that is incumbent on Irish-Americans to sympathize with and assist brothers at home; and the most efficient mode of rendering that assistance most conducive to to its intended object.

2. It will advocate the cause of all oppressed peoples, and the right of every nation to its own autonomy.

3. It will favor the spread of Republicanism and free institutions among all nations, and oppose aristocracy and monarchy by every honorable means at its disposal.

4. In religion it will be strictly neutral, excluding from its columns all references to religious and sectarian subjects. This is believed to be not only expedient, but necessary, as religious differences have been the bane of many generations of Irishmen.

5. Sectionalism, or ignorant prejudices arising among men because of their coming from different parts of Ireland, shall be discountenanced, and its criminality exposed.

6. No line of the NATIONALIST shall ever be devoted to indulgence in unfriendly personalities. When, however, the principles of Irish nationality or of American republicanism are attacked the attack shall be vigorously repelled.

7. In the politics of the City of San Francisco and of the State of California, the NATIONALIST shall be strictly neutral, regarding party affiliations as no cause for making any man a friend or an enemy.

8. It will also be neutral but friendly in its treatment of the internal affairs of the United States, but in reference to the foreign policy of the country, it will hold itself thoroughly independent.

9. A speciality will be made of giving publicity to all matters of interest to the Irish societies and military companies of the City and of the State.

10. The Labor Movement and the respective rights and obligations of Workingmen and Capitalists shall receive that attention which their great importance demands.

No effort shall be spared to make the NATIONALIST a first-class weekly. Able correspondents from Dublin, New York, St. Louis, Sydney and other important points, have promised their best assistance. The latest Irish and other European intelligence shall be given, interesting news from all lands shall find a place, Californian and local matters shall receive due attention, the business, farming and manufacturing interests of the coast shall not be lost sight of; original Essays and reviews of current literature shall be made a speciality, and the whole will, it is expected, prove our paper mindful of the past, alive to the present, and watchful for the future. The main object of this undertaking being the Union of Irishmen with a view towards Irish Independence, all the obstacles which might impede that union have been, as far as possible, removed, so that the NATIONALIST might furnish a platform broad enough to give standing room to all genuine lovers of liberty. Among the stockholders of this Company are representatives of almost all the Irish organizations of California, whether revolutionary, benevolent, literary, or military. While we rely on our future performances rather than on our present promises, while we believe ourselves competent, as well as determined, to repel the attacks of all enemies of our cause, and while we acknowledge having already received generous support, we yet invite the cordial co-operation of all to enable us to make the NATIONALIST take a front-rank place among the newspapers devoted to the service of Ireland and Liberty.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

Without them on St. Patrick's day we would be no where. They assembled in vast numbers, and the appearance of the men, their banners, and their steady martial bearing were imposing. This society is an honor to the old land. It is designed to be useful as well as patriotic, and is, in fact, one of the very best of our Irish Societies. They are thorough Nationalists, and the assistance they tender to each other is very good evidence of what may be expected from them by the old country when she calls for their aid.

St. Patrick.

The men who talk and talk, and march and counter-march on St. Patrick's Day, but who never would (even if they got a chance) dare a deed for Ireland's sake (and some few answer the description), must, when they die, be confusedly astonished at meeting St. Patrick himself in heaven, and finding out what *his* opinion is. Irishmen generally believe—and we are ready to swear it—that besides being a Saint, St. Patrick was a gentleman. We would therefore presume that he is consistent, and that the doctrine which he preached fourteen hundred years ago is an article he is still prepared to stick up to. Without at all touching on the glorious work which he accomplished in trampling Irish Paganism under foot, it is fair for us to note that one of the Saint's peculiarities was a desire to raise in the people's minds an abhorrence of slavery. And this, too, is one of the chief reasons why his name and memory are so honored now, and shall be hereafter. One of the most beautiful aspirations and certainly the most prized by our people, is a prayer of St. Patrick that should the then free Ireland fall into the clutches of the stranger, her slavery should not be perpetual. Wendell Phillips and Wilberforce may justly claim credit as abolitionists; but St. Patrick was more effective than ten thousand of the best of such propagandists. He had been a slave himself, but lived long enough to find a fair country on which wheresoever he stamped his foot, the shackles fell from the limbs of the slave, and the brow of the wronger grew abashed. St. Patrick was the most glorious revolutionist Ireland has yet beheld, and it is for that among other reasons that we glory in seeing his memory so honored. He would be ashamed to shake hands in heaven with a pious curse who couldn't see, when down below, that the green and gold, the beautiful and true were God's own colors. What an Irishman might say of St. Patrick might be doubted; but the persons desirous of information, though they might doubt us, must listen to Count de Montalembert, who discourses of St. Patrick as we might of Las Casas. After speaking of his return to Ireland, not a captive, but a bishop, the learned scholar, Montalembert, lately deceased, says: "The Kings, the chiefs, the warlike and impressionable people of free Erin listened to him, followed him, and testified toward him that impassioned veneration which has become the most popular tradition of the Irish, and which thirteen centuries have not lessened." If there's anything good in this feeling, it seems yearly growing better. As a fact, St. Patrick ought to be getting proud of his people. But, being a gentleman, he is bound to be consistent, and therefore can't thoroughly fraternize with any modern Saint or sinner till Ireland shall act on his ancient doctrine—doctrine which can't grow old—that Irishmen, to be worthy of themselves, must be free. All the most thorough-paced revolutionists of the Irish persuasion can reasonably ask any man to do is to tread in the steps of the glorious Apostle whose memory we have so lately celebrated. He will find, by reading the following extract from Montalembert, that when St. Patrick wanted to talk plain, he did. Hoping that others may try to emulate his zeal for freedom, we extract from Montalembert the following (M. W. III., 392):

"Nothing is better established in the history of St. Patrick than his zeal to preserve the country, from the abuses of slavery, and especially from the incursions of the pirates, Britons and Scots, robbers and traffickers in men, who made it a sort of store from which they took their human cattle. The most authentic memorial of the Saint which remains to us is his eloquent protest against the King of a British horde, who landing in the midst of a tribe baptised the evening before, massacred several, and carried off the others to sell them. On which account the Saint promulgated and published broadcast the following scathing rebuke to a British pirate: 'Patrick, an ignorant sinner, but constituted bishop in Hibernia, and dwelling among the barbarous nations, because of his love for God, writes these letters with his own hand, to be transmitted to the soldiers of the tyrant. I say not to my fellow-citizens, nor to the fellow-citizens of the Saints of Rome, but to the *compatriots of the devil*, to the apostate Picts and Scots, who live in death and fatten themselves with the blood of the innocent Christians with whom I have travailled for my God.'"

He demanded the release of captives and got it. We want just now a man stern like him to ask and enforce something similar.

A Sample of Impudence.

Here it is, copied from the *Chronicle* of March 25th:

When we first announced the arrest of one of our attaches by order of the Secretary of the Navy, George M. Robeson, few people were willing to believe that such an outrage had actually and knowingly been committed. When assured of the fact there is a general cry of indignation among the people that such things should be permitted. And before the case is concluded the people will demand of President Grant the removal of so autocratic and tyrannical an officer as Secretary Robeson.

Because the gentleman was employed by the *Chronicle* and is arrested "there is a general cry of indignation among the people." That is comic. "And before the case is concluded the people will demand of President Grant the removal of the autocratic, tyrannical Secretary." We may assure the President that the threat is a good joke. If the gentleman is not guilty, the people may regret his arrest; but it would not concern them at all to see the *Chronicle* and the whole staff in the hands of the police.

Paterfamilias is frequently seen going home with big bundles under his arm that drive his children into agonies of curiosity.

UNION.

Francis Davis, the "Belfast Man," stole from his hours of toil as a muslin weaver some moments which enabled him to elevate the glorious song of Union, the thrilling theme of the lovers of Ireland, and the grand exposition of the idea which we wish to see put into practical execution, as to the union of creeds and classes of Irishmen, are so well put that we reproduce the song of the Belfast weaver, Francis Davis, who thus began what we would wish should be gloriously finished:

Whoever crawls, whoever leads,
Young Erin's creed's the creed of creeds;
It teaches, gives your Maker praise
Whatever way your conscience says;
But though ten thousand altars bear
On each for Heaven a different prayer,
By light of moon, or light of sun,
At Freedom's we must all be one.
Is that a creed to bless or ban?

Young Erin's creed hath scattered coals
Upon the ices of our souls;
And thawed those cursed sectarian snows,
From which our every ruin rose;
It nurses hopes—they foster deeds;
It tells us when a nation bleeds;
The holy union of our hands,
Not riven ranks and broken bands,
Can force from foes what right demands.

Then, Heaven guard young Erin's creed!
'Till by its guiding light we read
In every eye our island through
The fearless soul that's ripe to do
Whate'er the God of nations says
Can make the sun of freedom blaze,
To melt not only Ireland's chain,
But purge our souls from every stain,
Might tend to forge a bind again.

EUROPE.

It is, of course, known that England rejoices when her "surplus" population emigrates. No other land in Christendom takes the same view of the question. Some weeks ago we refererd to the efforts made by the Italian government to stop the outflowing of the nations life-blood. So was described the rush of the people away from the Kingly rule of Victor Emanuel. The French take the same view of affairs, and as practical evidence of their opinion have imprisoned a lecturer who wanted to discant on the advantages of emigration. A Canadian originally from the Rhine, one Herr Wagner, went on a mission to Alsace to persuade the people there to change their land of vines for the snows of Ontario; but the German authorities stepped in, and blocked the game. Commissioner Wagner was carried a prisoner to Berlin, sent thence to Hamburg, and put aboard a steamship bound for Quebec. Prussia has thus followed suit, though thousands who cannot be retained are daily flying from the military despotism of Kaiser William.

Chinese Labor in English Mines.

The following letter published in the London *Dispatch* shows that patriotic English capitalists love cheap labor, and wish to see "our friends and brothers" and their tails, in England. The Englishmen could get their slaves in this market. We can spare a large number. They are a nuisance here:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY DISPATCH—*Sir*:—Will you kindly permit me to say a few words on the above subject? It is difficult to imagine that your correspondent on this subject is really in earnest and not jesting when he sets forth that Chinese labor may be introduced into our mines with advantage for various reasons, some of which tend to deprecate the character of our own countrymen. He says they give far less trouble to the police, which we should certainly have to learn by experience. Then he says they could live and save money where an Englishman would starve. I would appeal to common sense if that is any tangible reason why we should supplant our own countrymen by the introduction of foreigners. Does he want to starve his own countrymen for the benefit of the Chinese miner, for whom it is evident he has a much greater regard? Mechanics, too, he says, could be introduced with great advantage. I thought that every person was aware that we have more mechanics in this country now than can find employment even in the busiest times, and that men of all classes are leaving this country by wholesale on that account. Remunerative, he says to both employers and employed. Does he mean to say that the present state of things is not remunerative enough to employers, with coals risen about £1 10s. a ton, whilst the working man is only getting 1s. 4d. extra for labor? Nearly the same may be said of iron. I have likewise heard it said that one Englishman is equal to two or three Chinese, as regards their working capacity, so that the results would not be so great after all. I can only say that I feel perfectly satisfied that your correspondent has not made out any tangible reason why colliers or mechanics should be introduced to hurry on the starving of our own countrymen, and must conclude by saying that he evidently evinces more sympathy for the foreigner than his own countrymen.

W. G. MEARS,

Vernon-terrace, Freemantle, near Southampton.
February 20, 1873.

Superstition.

It is astonishing how strongly the superstitious faith in the power of astrologers and fortune-tellers of all sorts still holds its ground. San Francisco abounds in impostors who live off the superstitions of the credulous many, and who calmly announce in the daily papers their powers of divining the mysterious future. Their signs appear on the principal thoroughfares, and the elegance of the apartments wherein the futures of their patrons are read, are proofs that the business is a profitable one. This is obtaining money under false pretenses, of which the law takes no notice, wisely concluding that those who are silly enough to stray into the astrologer's den, and get five dollars worth of information from the stars, richly deserve to pay for their folly. The stock gambler, the school girl, and even the staid man of commerce contribute to the maintenance of these vampires. Quackery in all forms is successful, and none more eminently so than this revival of ancient superstitions. It would not be surprising if a gang of these astrologers should combine, erect a temple on Telegraph Hill, in which the richest among their patrons—and they have many rich ones—might hold solemn consultation with the oracles.—*S. F. Post.*

THE NATIONALIST

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.—WANTED IMMEDIATELY—Four Carriers. Apply at the office, No 5 Post street.

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OFFICE—Northeast corner of Montgomery and Market streets.

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R. J. T. BIN, JOS. A. DONAHOE,
PETER DONAHOE,

Remittances from the country may be sent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express office, or any reliable banking house; but the Society will not be responsible for their safe delivery. The signature of the depositor should accompany his first deposit. A proper pass book will be delivered to the Agent by whom the deposit is made.

Deposits received from $2 50 upwards.
OFFICE HOURS—From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. jy4-tf

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Prize Boot Maker,

No. 335 Bush Street.

IS DETERMINED TO SELL FIRST-CLASS Boots and Shoes at lower prices than any other store in the city. Read the following list of prices:

LADIES' DEPARTMENT

French Kid Boots reduced to.....$6 50
A full supply of White and Pink Kid and Satin Slippers always on hand. Kid Foxed Scolloped Button Boots and Kid Foxed Balmorals at the lowest prices.

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

Misses' Kid Button, Black and Bronze, reduced to $3 50
600 pairs Kid Foxed Balmorals..... 2 00
400 pairs Kid Foxed Balmorals, full scollop..... 2 50
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A large stock of Children's and Infant's Shoes at greatly reduced prices.

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BOOTS AND SHOES!

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Gents' Tap Sole Screwed Boots..... 5 00
Gents' Congress Gaiters..$1 50.....Tap Soles.... 2 50
Gents' Custom-Made Box Toe Gaiters..... 4 50
Gents' Screwed Oxford Ties..... 2 00
Boys' French Screwed Boots..... 2 50
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Ladies' Scoll Vamp, Double Sole Bals.....$2 00
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Ladies' Kid Fox Button Boots..... 3 00
Ladies' Kid Fox Long Gaiters, Double Sole..... 2 75
Ladies' Fine Calf Bals, High Cut..... 1 75
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Ladies' Kid Slippers....$1 00.....French Kid.... 1 50
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We also keep on hand a large assortment of Hand Sewed Boots and Sewed Box Toe Gaiters. Besides a thousand other Bargains at

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AND A

Skating Rink,

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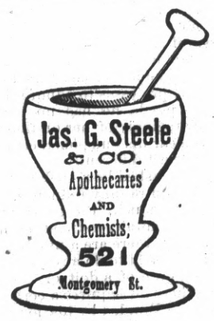

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Boot and Shoe Maker

No. 811 Market street, (opposite Francisco.
Orders promptly attended to. A good fit guaranteed. Repairs neatly executed. jy4-tf

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 29, 1873.

BE OF HOPE.

From the *Irish National Guard*, Dublin, May 13th, 1848

Brother toilers, through the land,
Be of Hope!
Brighter days are close at hand!
Be of Hope!
When a nation's voice shall be
Heard, proclaiming potently—
"God made man for Liberty.
Be of Hope!
Oh! the reck'ning day will come,
Be of Hope!
With the din of gun and drum,
Be of Hope!
When, like tempests on the brine,
Link'd together, "brothers mine,"
Ye shall burst upon their line—
Be of Hope!
By your inner sense of right.
Be of Hope!
By the wrongs that bid you smite.
Be of Hope!
Though the hated foe deride!
Though awhile your time you bide,
You shall beard him in his pride,
Be of Hope!
By the shade of Hugh O'Neil,
Be of Hope!
By O'Donnell's conquering steel,
Be of Hope!
By the charge from Limerick Town,
When the English strength went down
Before Patrick Sarsfield's frown,
Be of Hope!
I adjure ye by Wolfe Tone,
Be of Hope!
By young Emmet's blank grave stone.
Be of Hope!
By Lord Edward's soul of flame,
By our old Milesian name,
By our Celtic fear of shame,
Be of Hope!
I adjure you by the Green,
Be of Hope!
By the glories that have been,
Be of Hope!
By your deadly hate of sin,
By the laurels ye shall win,
When the "good fight" ye begin.
Be of Hope!

—W. M. P.

A Limerick Man's Opinion of Jail.

EDITOR NATIONALIST:—The English press is at present sorely exercised in spirit over the unheard of (or if heard of) hitherto unheeded atrocities perpetrated on the unfortunates immured in British dungeons by the unrelenting and remorseless myrmidons of the law. That any unconvicted prisoner, intelligent, or otherwise, without regard of race or color, should be subjected to indignities, such as have been heaped on Dr. Hessel, is a matter of surprise to the astute critics of the *Saturday Review*. The majority of your readers are conversant with the particulars of the Coram street murder, and consequently aware that the Rev. Dr. Hessel became notorious as the supposed murderer. The victim was a member of the *demi monde*, and when last seen alive was in company with a German who bore such a marked resemblance to Dr. Hessel that when the latter was arrested and placed with several others for the purpose of identification, he was pointed out by the several witnesses, with one exception, as the man who was last seen in the company of the murdered woman, and who was undoubtedly the perpetrator of the revolting crime. It is not wonderful that, with such apparently damning proofs of his guilt, Dr. Hessel was cast into prison, there to be subjected to the systematic course of cruelty and tyranny which he has graphically portrayed in a modest pamphlet, published on his release from prison. But we honestly confess it is a matter of admiration to us that the unjust incarceration of this worthy Teutonic gentleman, for a very brief period, should so strongly excite the indignation of the British public, when it is notorious that not one, but fifty of our fellow countrymen whose only crime was loving their country, have pined for their freedom in the solitude of what has been most appropriately termed "The British Bastile." What are the sufferings of Dr. Hessel when compared with those of some of our most illustrious patriots, men of genius, of fine sensibilities and noble sentiments, yet, withal, compelled to associate with the vilest scum of England's vile criminal offspring. It is something to think of, to compare the treatment of Dr Hessel with that of the Fenian prisoners when released, and though I admit there is little analogy between them, still to the most casual observer the comparison cannot fail to be full of significance. The Doctor has been feted, and deservedly commiserated, as any one who has been compelled to bow beneath the yoke of English domination deserves; he has been provided with a first-class passage to any part of the habitable globe on which he may choose to pitch his tent, and a magnificent sum has been presented to him by a truly penitent Cockney multitude. The Fenians were ejected mercilessly. I sincerely wish him joy and prosperity for unwittingly working a reformation in the minds of the English people with reference to the efficiency and just administration of their prison magnates which the sacrifice of a hundred rebellious Fenians at the altar of British tyranny would have failed to effect.

T. F.

Liberty Resides in the Country!

[From the Catholic Guardian.]

About 70,000 of the population of San Francisco are Irish. 20,000 too many! 5,000 Irishmen, with their wives and families, now in the city, ought to be in the country, lords of the soil in the beautiful valleys of California.

In Ireland, a man in possession of ten good acres believes he is rich, and so he is a rich man, because he believes it. In California, men believe they are rich if they can live in San Francisco and get two dollars a day, three days in the week all the year round. The day-laborers in the city lead hard lives; I have been residing for some time in the suburbs, and have observed these men in the early morning, running in the rain to catch the Folsom, Mission or Howard street cars. In the evening they have to return; rain may be falling or a cold wind blowing; a glass of beer or whisky at the next grocery store is taken to keep out the cold, and they arrive at home in wet clothes or shivering. They pay for rent five dollars a month, car hire, three; for beer or whisky, "to keep out the cold," three dollars at least; eleven dollars a month, to which we must add the expense of meeting friends at the bar now and then; this may be fairly estimated at four dollars a month. There are fifteen dollars a month taxation, which a man living on his own little farm in the country escapes; and he escapes the bad habit of tasting cock-tails, eye-openers and "bitters." A prudent man, settled down on his own farm, near a good spring well in the country, is not compelled to be up to time like a clock; he can stay within while the rain is falling, and when the shower is past, he can make good the loss of time by a little exertion, and he is always his own master. I have been all over the great Republic, and I feel convinced that Liberty resides in the country.

The great objection to country life is want of capital, so they say. But I believe the attraction of city life is the true cause of the cowardice that causes a surplus population in American cities, and I fear it is assuming the shape of disease, and that the portion of it called Irish, is incurable. The other day I was sitting on a log by the San Bruno road. A peddler of fish halted his wagon and asked me for a match. "You're an Irishman," said he. "A good guess," said I. "How did you discover that?" "Oh," said he, "if you wer'nt an Irishman, you would'nt stand up to give me a match." The dialogue may amuse your readers.

Stranger—"And what part of the old country are you from?"

Fisherman—"Forriargair, I'm from all parts of the ould sod."

Stranger—"Now I'm sure you're Irish."

Fisherman—"How did you discover that?"

Stranger—The wit!"

Fisherman—"We bate the world at that."

Stranger—"There are 70,000 of us here—entirely too much. Liberty resides in the country—modesty blushes in the crowd—slavery remains in the city. We were never intended for city life."

Fisherman—"You're a bully good spaker, but there is not too many of us anywhere, except in Heaven, I hope. Now, I tell you it is an awful thing to be buried alive in the wilderness."

Stranger—"In a snug cottage, beside a spring well, a cellar full of dry potatoes, a pair of cows and fifty chickens?"

Fisherman—"That's bully good talk, an' its the rale truth. Any man worth a straw could have that in a year. But this is a grand city. You're a stranger fresh from the ould country?"

Stranger—"Yes."

Fisherman—Arrah, sure I knew it. I'm here fifteen years—the finest city and the finest people on the face of the earth. If I were invited to Heaven this month, I declare I would not like to leave San Francisco for another while. I declare I would'nt; God forgive me, I'm not prepared any way to go. But see here, the farm and the well, the cows, the eggs and potatoes are good things, but I'll die in San Francisco and be buried in the Lone Mountain." *Bannach Lath.*

There was no use in trying to prove to this man that the masters of the world are the owners of land; that peace, plenty and liberty reside in the country; that the city is full of temptation; that all American cities have surplus populations, and that strangers are coming to take possession of the beautiful valleys we are losing for want of courage. Some people say the valleys are locked up by land jobbers. If this is so, the representatives of the people should break the locks by legislation. Taxation is a hammer that may be used with good effect for that purpose. Nothing surprises men more than the quantity of unoccupied land in this magnificent State of California.

STRANGER.

Australia.

The physical constitution of Australia is different from that of any other part of the world. The ordinary rules and operations of nature in the animal and vegetable parts of creation are reversed. The following are some instances in illustration of this anomalous character:

There are birds without wings, as large as deer, their bodies covered with hair instead of feathers; beasts with beaks of birds; swans that are black, and eagles white. The ferns, nettles, and even grasses grow to the size and shape of trees; rivers run from the sea and are lost in interior swamps; trees are ever green in spite of frost or snow; there are extensive plains in which one tree, one soil, one water, and one description of bird, fish, or animal prevail, alike for ten miles or one hundred.

This is Australia, where it is Summer when it is Winter with us, and *vice versa;* where the barometer rises before bad weather and falls before good; where the north is the hot wind, and the south the cold; where the humblest house is fitted up with cedar; where the fields are fenced with mahogony, and myrtle trees are burnt for fire-wood; where the kangaroo, an animal between the squirrel and the deer, has five claws on its fore paws, and three talons on its hind legs, and yet hops on its tail; where the mole lays eggs and has a duck's bill; where there is a bird with a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue; where there is a fish, one half belonging to the ray, the other to the shark; where the pears are made of wood, with the stalk at the broader end, and where the cherry grows with the stone outside.—*Round the World.*

Russia in India.

A rumor was last week telegraphed from Europe, through the Atlantic cable, to the effect that Russia had definitely determined on the annexation of Afghanistan and Kurdistan to the territories already in her possession in that portion of the East. The matter is too important, however, to be disposed of within the brief compass of a news paragraph; and we can only regard the report as one of those vague and unreliable assertions in which the manipulators of the "Cable" are fond of indulging, at the expense of the journals which pay for the dispatches, and of the credulity of those who place any dependence on their contents. Any attempt on the part of Russia to seize Affghanistan would be a direct and immediate declaration of war against England: and there are no present symptoms that Russia is likely, by precipitate action, to risk a false move in a game which she is confident of winning in the long run. For, the progress of the Muscovite toward the heart of India, though slow, is as certain and irreversible as the passage of the shadow over the dial; and Britain, the trembling Achaz, who watches that terrible index of her approaching doom, knows that no miracle will be wrought to postpone the hour that must witness the struggle of her dissolution. Year by year the advance of the Cossack power narrows the already insignificant strip of territory that divides the Briton and the Russ in the East. Some day—perhaps with a suddenness that will defy even the electric cable to flash its instantaneous effect to the world—the slender barrier will give way: and then—. Well, after a little while we shall probably hear no more of the British "morning drum," which (according to the rhetoricians) used to go perpetually rumbling round the world, to the great edification of the old ladies of Threadneedle street.—*Irish American.*

St. Patrick's Day at Nortonville.

EDITOR NATIONALIST:—The long talked of Second Annual Ball of the Emmet Club took place last Monday evening, March 17th, 1873, at the Good Tymplars' Hall, and was a grand success in every sense of the word. There was only one drawback as regards the enjoyment of the occasion, there were too many present. The hall was decorated in a manner befitting the occasion. The arrangements reflect great credit on the Committee. The single young men turned out in full force upon this auspicious occasion, and many a young man's heart fluttered with joy as he gazed upon the enchanting sea of beauty before him. Not a single event happened to mar the pleasure of the evening, and everything went "merry as a marriage bell" untill the wee hours in the morning. The arrangements were excellent, and reflect great credit upon the members, John J. Lean, Alex. Mulhern, Jno. McLaughlin and Pat O'Breslin.

The following Ladies, ornamented by nature and art, appeared in the ball room: Miss Fanny Eagan, Miss R. Lean, Miss Mary O'Shander, Miss Cunningham, Miss Lizzie Moore, Miss Annie Pierce, Miss Anna Collin, Misses Mary, Anna and Lizzie Mellynn, Miss Annie Boyle, Miss Hannah Boyle, Minty Prosser, Misses Cavinnore, M. Thomas, J. Dunn and Bowen, Miss Mollie Regan, Mrs. Morgan, A. Rogers and Mrs. E. Gordin, Mrs. Geo. Hunt, Mrs Lynch, Mrs. Jno. Davis, Mrs. J. Haffie, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Neenstatters, Miss A. Saddler, Miss Mary Ann Davis, Miss Lizzie Morgan, Miss Sarah Davis, and several others.

GENTLEMEN.

Morgan Morgan, Dick Mills, John J. Lean, James Kelly, Jr. D. Bangley, Pat O'Breslin, John Black, Robt. Pratten, D. J. Gallespie, Pbillip Walker, T. Lynch, Wm. Crawley, Thos. Willson, Thos. Rooney, John and James Harritan, John and David Williams, John and Wm. W. Davis, M. Lobree, F. Clark, P. Phelan, C. Haslon, Owen Breslin, Judge McNulty A. Furgason and severel others enjoyed the pleasure of dancing.

The ball closed about four o'clock in the morning.

P. O'B.

Back Pay.

Nothing, we think, which any Congress has done for many years has excited as much public indignation as the vote of the "back pay" to themselves by the gentlemen of the Forty-second, who have just gone home. The obscurity of most of them will of course be a sufficient shield hereafter, and will enable them to enjoy the money in peace. But the offence differs little, if at all, from that of a president of a bank who should raise his own salary in the middle of his year, pay himself out of the till, and then resign and set the directors at defiance. In fact, it is worse; because a bank president would know that he might be reached by the law, while Congressmen know they are safe against the only pursuit which for many of them has any terrors—that of criminal justice. One of the most striking results of the caucus system is that it has given us a class of "statesmen" on whom the opinion of the decent and moral element of American society has absolutely no influence, and who revel in an unprecedented callousness. It is just possible, however, that a good many, if not all, of the minority who voted against the bill consider that they may now pocket the money along with the Butlerites. We trust constituencies will do all in their power to dissipate this delusion, and that the neighbors of returned legislators will make them understand that it is as disgraceful to take the money as to vote for it. Congress is not without historical precedent for its performance, to be sure; but, on the other hand, neither are the people without historical precedent for their disgust and their clamor, and their punishment of this kind of legislation.—*N. Y. Nation.*

England's Difficulty is Irelands Opportunity.

The best logicians, the clearest heads in Europe and America, declare England's hour of trial is approaching. What are the Irish in America prepared to do? England is alone and Russia at her throat, and what are we doing. From an able article in the *Overland Monthly* we quote:—

The sagacity of Napoleon the III did not betray him when, following the maxims he had published to the world while a prisoner, he chose, and fostered the alliance of England, although that alliance failed him at the last.

Napoleon the III perceiving the ultimate danger asked England to join him in calling a European Congress to which the matter should be submitted. But England would neither join France in a protest nor in a call for a Congress to settle the question. Some of her small statesmen and still smaller writers glorified themselves that Napoleon III was "Snubbed" on this occasion by a foreign Secretary of the Calibre to which Lord John Russell—our *Alamaba* John Russell—had become reduced. A fatal snubbing for both France and England. Upon the issue of this event hung the destinies of Europe. Austria and Prussia quarrelled over the spoil. Then came Sadowa, the North German Empire and as a logical consequence, the Franco-Prussian war. With it the military reverses of France, from which she cannot fail to recover; the repudiation by Russia of the treaties made after the Crimean war; and the moral humiliation of England, who stands isolated among nations, with not a single friend among the Great Powers, ridiculed for her want of sagacity in this very matter, accused of moral treachery toward her best alley and with a reputation for shop keeping on a national scale—trading with both belligerents and betraying both—which even Napoleon the I never imputed to her. Even now she appeals in vain to the public opinion of the rest of Europe to save her from Russian aggression in the East. Truly, with "snubbing" France in the Denmark imbraglio, and the United States in the affair of the *Alabama*, Lord Russell has greatly increased his vaunted list of the debt which England owes to her aristocracy.

The President.

President Grant, in his second inaugural, says that "the past four years, so far as I could control events, have been consumed in the effort to restore harmony, public credit, commerce, and all the arts of peace and progress;" expresses it as his firm conviction "that the civilized world is tending toward republicanism, or representative government," and that our own great "republic is destined to be the guiding star of all others;" that the negro ought to have "access to schools," and ought to be made to feel assured, "when he travels," "that his conduct will regulate the treatment and the fare he will receive;" that to the granting of these civil rights he himself "stands committed, so far as executive influence can avail." As to the Southern States, he declares them "rehabilitated," and says that no executive control is exercised in them that would not be exercised anywhere; so Chicago and Boston may contemplate New Orleans with new interest. With reference to the acquisition of foreign territory, the President believes in it, but will not recommend any more schemes looking that way, unless the people have first given them their support, because he believes that "our Great Maker is preparing the world in his own good time to become one nation," with one common language, and with no armies or navies. The President promises to direct his efforts for the future to the restoration of good feeling, the return to specie payments, or, at least, the establishment of a fixed relation between gold and paper, the construction of "cheap routes of transit," the maintenance of friendly relations abroad, the re-establishment of our commerce and carrying trade, protection of such manufactures as can be "economically" produced here for the sake of a return to specie payments through a good condition of the balance of the trade, the "elevation of labor," and humane attempts to civilize the Indians. He promises to reform the civil service, and, in conclusion, thanks the American people for vindicating him by a re-election against the abuse and slander he has suffered in their service. The most noticeable part of the address was perhaps that part in which the President speaks of the fact that ever since 1861 he has had laid upon him a great burden of responsibility, from which he shall be glad to escape. Or, rather, this is the passage at once most noticeable and most to be commended. Other parts of it are noticeable enough, and have called out much rather wondering comment.—*N. Y. Nation.*

Mark Twain's views on our laws and Legislatures have appeared lately in several papers, but so true are they that we reproduce them:

HIS VIEWS ON MURDERERS, LAWS AND LEGISLATURES.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

I have read the Foster petitions in Thursday's *Tribune*. The lawyers' opinions do not disturb me, because I know that these same gentlemen could make as able an argument in favor of Judas Iscariot, which is a good deal for me to say, for I never can think of Judas Iscariot without losing my temper. To my mind Judas Iscariot was nothing but a low, mean, premature Congressman. The attitude in the jury does not unsettle a body, I must admit; and it seems plain that they would have modified their verdict to murder in the second degree if the Judge's charge had permitted it. But when I come to the petitions of Foster's friends and find out Foster's true character, the generous tears will flow—I cannot help it. How easy it is to get a wrong impression of a man. I perceive that from childhood up this one has been a sweet, docile thing, full of pretty ways and gentle impulses, the charm of the fireside, the admiration of society, the idol of Sunday School. I recognize in him the divinest nature that has ever glorified any mere human being. I perceive that the sentiment with which he regarded temperance was a thing that amounted to frantic adoration. I freely confess that it was the most natural thing in the world for such an organism as this to get drunk and insult a stranger, and then beat his brains out with a car-hook because he did not seem to admire it. Such is Foster. And to think that we came so near losing him! How do you know but that he is the Second Advent? And yet, after all, if the jury had not been hampered in their choice of a verdict, I think I could consent to lose him.

The humorist who invented trial by jury played a colossal, practical joke upon the world, but since we have the system we ought to try to respect it. A thing which is not thoroughly easy to do, when we reflect that by command of the law a criminal juror must be an intellectual vacuum, attached to a melting heart and perfectly macoronian bowels of compassion.

I have had no experience in making laws or amending them, but still I cannot understand why, when it takes twelve men to inflict the death penalty upon a person, it should take any other less than twelve more to undo their work. If I were a Legislator, and had just been elected and had not had time to sell out, I would put the pardoning and commuting power into the hands of twelve able men instead of dumping so huge a burden upon the shoulders of one poor petition-persecuted individual.

MARK TWAIN.

Hartford, March 7, 1873.

ENGLISH JUSTICE.—A laborer, aged 25, against whom nothing was known, has been sentenced by the magistrates at Dartford to 21 days imprisonment with hard labor, for stealing a faggot, valued at 2d.! He acknowledged to a policeman who saw him taking it, that he had no right to do so, but excused himself by saying he had no fire.

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Board, per Day, - - - - 75c.

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(Formerly of the Central House.) jy4-tf

T. F. BAINES. JAS. J. CANIFFE.

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(Late of the Franklin House.)

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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 29, 1873

Irish News.

The Home Rule movement is not striking roots among the people as expeted by its originators. Many speak of Isaac Butt as an aged Irishman who has spent his best days doing all the good in his power, but who is now impeded in the onward course by the infirmities of age. These wholly moral agitations which have no physical back bone in them have been more pernicious to Irish manhood than the plagues of Egypt. This all-peace business has been well described as a blunder, and therefore worse than a crime.

Catholics, Protestants, Presbyterians, and Methodists were all opposed to Gladstone's University bill—therefore we believe it was a good one.

The death is announced ot "Farrell the Piper," of Tallaght. He had reached the advanced age of 90 years. For upwards of 70 years "Farrell, the Piper," had comfortable quarters beneath the hospitable and kindly roof of the late James Brown, Esq., of Johnstown, who at his death left him as a charge to his children. His remains were interred at the foot of his old master's grave in Tallaght churchyard.

Waste Land in Ireland.—The Registrar-General, in his agricultural returns for the year '72, gives figures showing that in the year we have mentioned there were 4,253,973 (1) acres of bog and waste land unoccupied in Ireland. In the previous year there were 4,287,361 acres under the same heading. The waste land last year was thus distributed over the country:—

PROVINCE.	ACRES.
Connaught	1,327,486
Ulster	1,156,368
Munster	1,142,434
Leinster	627,685

All this is snipe ground. Five million acres! locked up by the ignorance of Irish landlords! If the people of Ireland were their own landlords, as they ought to be, these five million acres would be "a garden" and would supply a population of fifty thousand men with 100 acres for each man. And there is not in the whole world, except in California, land that would yield more than cultivated Irish moors. The day is at hand when the Representatives of an Irish Republic will reclaim the wastes, and remove the aristocratic loafers who are aided by English law to increase Irish waste land and diminish the Irish population. Hurrah for the Irish Republic.

Roscommon —Threatened Evictions near Strokestown. Perhaps nothing has occurred for a long time in our midst so calculated to arouse the people to a knowledge of the utter helplessness in which they are placed by the Land Act, as the proceedings entered into against the tenantry of certain villages near Strokestown. The occupiers of about 80 holdings, on which 250 human beings are leaving, have been served with that unwelcome message, the "process of ejectment." It is not for non-payment of rent, as twice, since November Day last the tenants offered to pay the usual sum, but which, however, was refused. In April last, we stated in these columns that "notice to quit" had been served on those people—a proceeding which was followed up in November by the agent, personally, making a formal demand of possession, as he could get nobody else to do so, the bailiff having resigned, and the process server of the district having shrunk from the job. Since that processes have been served on them from the Court of Exchequer, and it is rumored the cases may be tried at our coming Assizes. The demands of the owner are said to be such that the tenants could not agree to—to have their acres converted from Irish to statute measure, and pay 5s. additional per English acre. It is not possible—ineffectual as the laws are—that such a high-handed measure can be carried out. Even an increase of 5s. an acre, without any change of measurement, would be, it is said, too much far many of them. This and such cases plainly show the necessary of having established, in every county, societies for the protection of the poor tenants against the rapacity of their landlords, and as Kildare has taken the initiative in this respect, it would be well if the good example thus nobly set were promptly imitated throughout Ireland.—*Roscommon Messenger*. The editor of the *Messenger* forgot to name the tyrants. Coulnd't we get up an association in America, and furnish some wide awake young Irish-Ameicans with funds to enable them to go over and purchase the good will of these poor tenants, enable them to come out here and leave their farms to their Irish-American friends. Our boys settling affairs with the crowbar brigade in Ireland would surely surprise the timid people who quail before the petty tyrants. We know, by experience, that Irish landlords, agents, and bailiff's, are the most heartless tyrants under the sun. A guerilla war in Ireland by Irish-American tenants would be an act of charity. War is always dreadful; but a war against tyrants is merely a duty.

Ireland is the Glacial Period—Ireland, with a climate softened by the waters of the Gulf stream and by winds from the Atlantic, does not seem likeiy to be famous for its glaciers. Yet, at the last meeting of the Geological Society, Mr J. F. Campbell clearly unfolded the record of ages when this island was enveloped as completely in ice as water now covers the sandbanks of the North Sea. All over the country, on hill-top, in river bed, in gravel pits, and by the shore, Mr. Campbell found on the rocks those parallel striæ and grooves which are only made by ice, and these have enabled him in many cases to trace the paths along which the ice rivers traveled to the ocean. One such in Donegal is followed fourteen miles, descending fifteen hundred feet, when it rises again over a steep incline four hundred feet high, and enters the sea; while there are in parts of Donegal, as at Clogher, moraines three miles long, in which some of the angular stones are as large as small houses. The striæ run from north-east to south-west; and just as the ice streams converge into an estuary of glaciers in Donegal Bay, so the larger estuaries become jointed up, till the evidence culminates in proof that Ireland was covered by an ice sheet more than 2,000 feet thick, like that of Greenland, which swept down from the north-east and ground heavily over the tops of hills against which the glacial ice sometimes split. In this age Ireland is thought to have been joined to Scotland, for the glacial striæ are traced by Antrim over to Argyleshire, and are found in all the lochs and glens on to the Pertshire Highlands. Hence Mr. Campbell is led to think that much of the surface-form of both countries has been carved out by ice partly in parallel valleys made by the ice-sheet, but chiefly by the decreasing local glaciers into which it slowly melted up. And so the author of "Frost and Fire" believes that from Kerry to beyond the White Sea a continuous moving sheet of ice covered the earth, and that it has gradually retired northward; while this sheet was itself but a part of the polar ice cap which in common with Agassiz he believes during the Glacial age to have extended in both hemispheres from the poles far on towards the equator.

At the Longford assizes, on the 25th ult., before Mr. Justice Barry, three youths named John Kelly, Michael McGee, and Thomas Kiernan were indicted on a charge of having caused a riot at Edgeworthstown, on the 27th of June last, for the purpose of burning the effigy of Judge Keogh, thereby bringing the law into contempt, and insulting the Queen. The jury found the prisoners guilty, and the judge sentenced them to one week's imprisonment.

On the 22d ult., at Queenstown, Mr. Henry Hewitt O'Brien, for twenty years harbor-master at that port, died.

The people of Derry are still foolish enough to allow the question of processions to agitate their minds. It would be better for them to organize and unite on the question of Nationality.

A Commission is sitting in Belfast to consider the claims of those who suffered by the late riots. The entire amount of damages claimed is $80,000, which the city has to pay.

United States Items.

The St. Louis *Celt* says that Captain O'Neill has a "famous" horse. How that horse acquired fame isn't very clear, for the most wonderful feat it has yet accomplished is to carry the Captain when he is pursuing persons whom the police wish to capture.

St. Louis has a nice style of street cars known as the Bobtail, and refined folks are howling thereat. The Bobtail carries comers, white or black, and gives full swing to smoking and other small vices.

Elder Stenhouse, an ex-Mormon is out with a big volume to prove that what his friends call Anglo-American Mohamedism must soon fall asunder becanse of innate rottenness.

A large number of New Jersey citizens have organized themselves into a co-operative body for the purpose of colonizing and settling on California lands, upon the line of the Pacific Railroad. Their numbers are such as to entitle them to a Post office and other privileges from the authorities at Washington. No person except the Secretary receives a compensation. The benefits and labor to be mutual.

George Francis Train is an inmate of a Lunatic Asylum on Ward Island.

The Bull's Head Bank, New York, has resumed business, the stock holders having made up the deficiency.

Dion Boncicault has become a citizen of this country.

The Governor of New York is showing great firmness in refusing to interfere with the execution of justice to those condemned for murder.

The rumor of intended strikes among the labor organizations of New York and other cities are without any foundation, and have been started by persons not having the benefit of the labor class in view, but some selfish object instead.

Coal has advanced in price all over the east.

The rush of immigrants to this State is very great this season, more power to them there is lots of room here for those who wish to work.

Shooting and killing is the order of the day all over the country. A man named Page has been shot and killed by Frank Eaton in Winona, Minnesota.

Boss Tweed has resigned his seat in the Senate.

The Railroad companies have decided not to run postal cars after Tuesday. If they carry out their intention, the public will be put to great inconvenience. The cause of such a movement is the refusal of Congress to grant them $1,000 per mile, instead of $375, which they have been receiving.

At Georgetown, El Dorado county, Chinatown has been destroyed by fire, and a mass meeting of property owners and others have decided that the Chinese shall leave there. A committee was appointed to wait on those owning property occupied by Chinese to have them sell or vacate the property. Great excitement exists in town.

Another man making the second in thirty hours has been shot at North Bloomfield, Nevada. A man named Francis Blair has been arrested as the murderer.

Another valuable deposit of Borate has been discovered in Kern county.

In the United States Senate, Casserly, of California, offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of the Interior, respectively, be and are hereby directed to trasmit to the Senate any information in their respective departments as to the amount of bonds issued by or on the credit of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, forming a first mortguage or lien on the Company's road or property, and on what property specifially, and also the amounts of said bonds issued from time to time, and at what dates they were issued. Also, to ascertain and report under what general designation such bonds are commonly negotiated or known, and to transmit all said information brought down to the latest dates, to the the Senate at the commencement of the next session of Congress.

England

English merchants entertained well-grounded fears that Germany by its recent occupation of Delgoa Bay in Southeastern Africa, designs to go for some of the profits of the East Indian trade. Between the fell designs of the Prussians, and the feller designs of the Russians, England deserves a good deal of pity.

Four thousand colliers are on the strike for wages and shorter hours in Merthyr, South Wales.

The House of Commons has decided by resolution to again give their support to the Gladstone administration, as no other can be found to accept the position.

On the 22d at Southwark, near London, Wm. Pain and wife were convicted for wilfully starving their six children, the youngest being only six months old.

In the Court of Common Pleas, London, George Odger has recovered a verdict against the *Figaro* for libel. The evidence of the plaintiff is as follows: I did burn the bill. I am a shoemaker now. I make boots myself at my house in High street, Bloomsbury. I take orders from private individuals, and until lately from shops. I live partly by this, and partly by my writings and lectures. Then you live partly by making shoes and partly by making speeches? (Laughter.) Yes; I lecture upon such subjects as the Irish Church and extension of the suffrage, the English Church and class government. I object to middle class and aristocratic government. The House of Lords?—Yes. And the Monarchy?—I should prefer a Republic. And you say so?—Yes. I have not been down to any of the recent strikes. The last strike I was connected with was in 1866, and that was in London. I succeeded in settling that dispute. I have set up Republican clubs. I am a member of one. I went to the opening of a Republican club at Reading. It was about the end of 1871. Did you say that instead of seeking to patch up a declining monarchy you would prefer agitating for a republic that would produce merit instead of hereditary tomfoolery?—Something of that sort. I am generally represented as saying stronger things than I have said. I believe you do not like the House of Commons?—I do not like some of the people in it. (A laugh.) I have always held that the nationalisation of the land would be a benefit to the country. And the owners—how were they to do?—To be paid out at the full value, as if the land were taken by a railway compa-y. Ah! compensation juries. Were you ever at Leicester?—Yes; I went to a meeting there. I think the meeting was, on the whole, in favour of a Republic. At Reading the workingmen went up and down, singing, "God save the Queen?"—Oh, no; not working-men; there were only about half a dozen of them, and they tried to sing the "song," but broke down because they did not know it. I can't say they were working-men. I should say they were ruffians. They might still be working-men. Were they West-end men?—I should say worst-end men. (Laughter.) At Leicester did you say that "me and my colleagues have resolved that the Prince of Wales shall never ascend the throne?"—I said that and more; I added, "without a protest being entered by us against it." Ah, moral force?—Yes. And a demonstration?—Yes. I have written in favour of a Republic. I gave the MS. away. I have not had time to inquire whether the pamphlet had a large sale. It was headed, "Republicanism *v.* Monarchy." Did you think that Monarchy has led to a series of unnatural marriages, and that the consequences seemed at one time probable that we should have a race of Royal idiots?—Yes.

The friends of George Odger, the Republican advocate, have determined to defray the expenses of his suit for libel against the *Figaro*.

The number of outdoor pauper children in London by official report is nineteen thousand one hundred and seventy-five.

A noble young man in Indianopolis recently determined to abandon the use of tobacco. He was told that iced drinks would diminish his kankering for the weed. So on the first day he drank three gallons of iced water, and still feeling a desire to smoke, he added two quarts of cold buttermilk. He went to bed with the cheerful conviction that he had conquered his craving, and so he had. The next day he did not desire to smoke at all, for the simple reason that he was dead. The iced water, the iced buttermilk, the abandonment of his cigar, and two doctors who were called in consultation, proved to be too much for the noble young man.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

DR. CHARLES H. TOZER'S
PRIVATE
Medical Institute
N. E. Corner of Jackson and Kearny Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
The Great Eradicator of Special Complaints, Formerly of Locke Hospital, London, eight years in Sacramento, and the last ten years in San Francisco.

DR. TOZERS

Experience is of forty years standing, and during that time has met with unparalleled success in the treatment of all those diseases generally known as

Venereal or Chronic.

It is impossible here to mention all the diseases with which he is familiar; some, perhaps, will not be out of place. The most formidable, the most destructive to mankind is Self-Abuse. The brain being the seat of the disease the whole system suffers in consequence. I will here enumerate some of the symptoms, so that those afflicted may be able to form an opinion in regard to their complaints, and seek advice in time, thereby saving themselves a world of suffering; Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Pain in the Limbs and Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Limbs, Headache, and an aversion to the general society, especially that of females. There are a great many more, but these are sufficient, and should you be suffering from any of them, call on Dr. Tozer, and he will cure you in a short time, without any interruption in your business—or state your case by letter, and there will be no occasion for your calling at the office.

Stricture of the Urethra

Is another formidable enemy to health. Send for one of my circulars on that disease, and inform yourself of its terrible results. The worst cases cured in a few days.

Venereal Diseases

In all their various forms, either Primary, Secondary or Hereditary, completely eradicated from the system.—Your constitution being restored to perfect health, there will be no danger of handing down to your children that terrible disease known as Scrofula.

Syphilitic Disease,

As it presented itself on this coast, is of a more formidable character than that seen in the Atlantic States Europe, arising from the fact of its being a compound Spanish, Chinese and Sandwich Island disease. Those of you who have visited the two latter countries no doubt have seen the dreadful effects of it on both the native and foreign population. It reqires altogether different modes of treatment. After devoting to the practice of his profession and the successful treatment of Chronic Diseases

Forty Years of his Life,

He determined to retire from his profession and devote the remainder of his days to the quiet enjoyment of private life: but the constant applications from the suffering everywhere, calling him to their relief, finally determinad to visit once more the scene of his early triumphs, Lock Hospital, and to spend a year within its wards in familiarizing himself with all the

New Methods

Of treatment in that celebrated institution and then devote a few more years of his life to the alleviation of suffering humanity. He is again located at his old office, corner of Jackson and Kearny Streets, San Francisco, where, for ten years previous, his practice as a Specialist resulted in the cure of all cases brought under his care. The Doctor's motto is: "Honorable and successful treatment and moderate charges to all." My

Monthly Restorative Pills

Were never known to fail in giving relief in the cases for which they were recommended, and are to be obtained only at my office. Price Five Dollars, with full directions on each box. Sent by mail or express.

To Correspondents.

Patients of either sex residing in any part of the country, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. TOZER, can by submitting a written statement of the case to the Doctor, receive all the attention and medicine necessary to effect a cure without the necessity of a personal interview.

All letters strictly confidential, opened and answered only by the Doctor himself.

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Rheumatism,	**Neuralgia,**
Paralysis,	**Sprains,**
Bruises,	**Pain in the Side,**
Headache,	**Diptheria,**
Coughs and Colds,	**Colic,**
Cramps,	**Cholera Morbus,**
Gout,	**Lame Back,**
Pains in the Loins,	**Pleurisy,**
Sore Throat,	**Stiff Joints,**
Felons,	**Toothache,**
Earache,	**Swollen Joints,**
Diarrhoea,	**Lumbago,**
Contracted Cords,	**Swellings,**

Pain in the Breast,

And all internal and external aches and pains. Ask your druggist for PRATT'S ABOLITION OIL, and take no substitute.

PRICE.

Small Size.....Fifty Cents
Large Size.....One Dollar

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THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER AND LIVER INVIGORATOR IN THE WORLD. PURELY VEGETABLE, prepared from fresh Shaker roots and herbs. Cures all disorders arising from impure blood. Restores the Tone and Vivor of the System.

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For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and all Bronchial Complaints. They are carefully and thoroughly medicated, free from all nauseating and deleterious ingredients, and are an effective as well as a pleasant remedy. Mothers pronounce them invaluable for children in cases of Whooping Cough and Croup; they act directly on the pulmonary organs, without deranging the stomach or constipating the bowels. To Singers and Public Speakers they are indispensable, as they lubricate the vocal organs, and prevent all irritation of the mucous membrane.

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Established expressly to afford the Afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of secrecy, and all sexual disorders.

To the Afflicted.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of Chronic Diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all private diseases, viz: Syphilis, in all its forms and stages; Seminal Weakness, and all the horid consequences of self-abuse; Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc., etc.; and he hopes his long experience and successful parctice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment and implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their remedial agent. It will be seen their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the unwary than to sound the praises of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A Case of Gleet and Stricture.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment, for your fee was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured, the Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunates who require medical advice, if you have any doubt as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonnorhœa. Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them.

I am, Doctor, very truly yours, L——H——.

San Francisco, June 15th, 1864.

subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, A. D,. 1864.

(L. s.) A. S. GOULD, Notary Public

Seminal Weakness—A Sworn-to Certificate of Most Remarkable Cure of Spermatorrhœa.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induces me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatorrhœa" or Seminal weakness. the result of self-abuse, but till in 1855 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was averse to society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, but reading DR. DOHERTY'S card I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the fifth of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself.

JAMES JOHNSTON

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day January, A. D., 1864.

[L. S.] A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

To Females.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, vaginitis, all diseases of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor. W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death All Married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The doctors offices are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

To Correspondents.

Patients male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherty in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies,) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the letter or parcel transmitted.

☞ Consultations at the office or by letter, FREE, Permanent cure guaranteed or no pay. Address,

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
San Francisco, Cal.

SPERMATORRHŒA.

Dr. Doherty has published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotency, or Verility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the sexual organs.

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all, whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
jy4-tf San Francisco, Cal.

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 29, 1873.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Hanson and his wife have been found guilty of keeping a house of ill-fame, the prosecuting attorney in putting the case before the Judge denied that there could be any mitigation for the offense which was proven against them. For years they had fattened and grown rich upon their infamous traffic, and when the frail creatures, their victims, lost the charm of attractive beauty that gave them a commercial value, these monsters swept them aside as worthless, and, like trash, they floated down the swift stream of corruption to lower pools of infamy, and finally to eternal infamy, and finally to eternal damnation. What claim had such wretches to the leniency of the Court? None. Their house is a gilded place of sin, where Satan shows his cloven foot and hides his titled name. Look at the man. Is not his dress more costly and stylish than that of any gentleman in the Court room? How did he obtain the money that purchased his clothing? Did he work? Did he pursue any honorable employment? Go ask the wretched young women whose bodies and souls were bartered away by him for base lucre, and who now lie in the County Jail waiting an opportunity to prove the inhumanities of their worse than master. The poor abandoned creatures were compelled to seek the protection of the authorities there, and dared not meet those who would gladly have increased the misery of their degradation. Mr. Phillips asked that the punishment be made commensurate with the enormity of the offense. The Judge then sentenced Hanson and his wife to pay a fine of $500 each. The fine was paid in half an hour.

It has transpired that assistant teachers in the Public School Department have been assessed to defray the expenses of lunch entertainments for the Directors, and that this system of oppression has been in practice ever since the present Directors took their seats.

Matt Tarpey's will is illegal as it was neither signed or attested to consequently his wife will claim all his property.

Our favored citizens, whose means are abundant, have commenced leaving the city with their families to enjoy this delightful season, at the different watering places.

I travel very often on the Mission, Howard and Folsom street cars. It is not at all amusing to take a seat in any of them. I travel to the extreme south end, about six o'clock in the evening. At that hour the company you meet has a comic appearance. Last evening it included five white men, seven chinamen and their tails, six heads of cabbage, a banjo, two trees, three fettered roosters and a bull pup. These are the peoples cars! There ought to be a luggage van attached to each car where animals with tails and other lumber could be stowed away. Did it ever occur to you that the timidity of ignorance is evidence of common sense? That the assurance of ignorance indicates its density, and that unassuming ignorance has merit almost charming?

Can you tell me what supports all the well dressed loafers I meet on Montgomery and California streets, I'm told they initiate the Kilkenny cat and live on each other. This system of living cannot last for ever. If we had ten acres somewhere near the city, hired school ground and a good ploughman or two employed as teachers, couldn't we give the well dressed loafers a show and educate them in the useful art of ploughing. Well to do, idlers are a disgrace to the city, and utterly useless. If we had a few thousand more of them here we could pave Montgomery street with their heads. A thick skull is nearly as good as a paving stone wherever it is, and it would be more useful in the street than on it.

For the past week the pleasures and dissagreeableness of Summer weather have been experienced in this city with the most delightful forenoon and exceedingly dusty afternoon, while in New York the weather is called *Artic*, on account of the severe rains and frost following.

Ah Sing indicted for the murder of Sam Quin, the Australia Chinaman, has been found guilty of murder in the second degree.

The Board of Supervisors are at present engaged in deciding upon the best plan for a House of Correction, which is to cost $125,000. The architect whose plan is accepted will receive $1,000; consequently the necessity of delay on the part of our City Fathers in deciding which of the seven received is entitled to the prize. No doubt there are many who would give the prize and another thousand to secure the contracts. There are wheels within wheels we know nothing of.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians have elected John F. Meagher Grand President. John F. Barry Grand Vice-President; T. Dready, Grand Secretary, and John Looney Grand Treasurer.

Ruth Card has obtained a divorce from Russell Card for tricks against a Queen card.

The Australian mail is due on this day, Saturday, and will be last for some time, the line having been drawn off.

The average shipments of gold coin from this city to New York, for the last six weeks, was about $500,000. 'Tis no wonder money is scarce.

John F. Swift has been elected Counsel for the State Board of Harbor Commissioners. Many more changes no doubt will take place soon.

Robinson of the Oakland case of scandal, is held to answer the charge of perjury and conspiracy. The girl Gordon, held an interview with him and retracts her statement of his guilt, and again accuses her father. Blessed are they who have such children.

The Fenian Brotherhood and Legion of St. Patrick are making arrangements to have their pic-nic as attractive as possible.

Harry McCausland is on trial in the Twelfth District Court, for the killing of Noah Mullendore, a *Call* reporter. Great difficulty was experienced in the selection of a jury.

A large number of Liverpool and New York vessels have arrived this week, and many more are expected. The following ships arrived on Thursday; The Friedlander, Emily Farnum, Dunfillan, Garibaldi, Joseph Foster, Jr., Gustave, Casma, Reu de Monde. They are all large ships, and will load with wheat for a return cargo.

Ex-Supervisor Kelly has beed found guilty of an assault with a deadly weapon on Shay.

The detention of R. D. Bogart by the naval authorities is causing considerable excitement, and the manner in which they held him and brought him to and from Mare Island to the United States District Court, for examination, to say the least, seems tyrannical and unmindful of the rights of citizens, and smacks more of the rule of the Russian Czar than of a free Republic where the people are the rulers.

The Iron Workers of this city object to the appointment of Martin Bulger as United States Boiler Inspector, on the ground that he is connected with a foundry, denies being an Irishman, and has made himself too officious as an office seeker.

Arnold, of diamond field notoriety, has paid to Wm. M. Lent $150,000, on condition that all legal proceedings are stopped.

The *Alta* of Wednesday March 26th says: "The Senate passed a resolution instructing the Secretary of War to report on the expediency of making a public park of part of Mackenac's Island, Mackinac (says the editor), has an area of several hundred acres, rises steeply from the water, near the junction of Lake Michigan, Superior and Huron. No other place in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains has a Summer climate fit for a white man." What a wonderful influence our own beautiful climate has on all men including editors. It is evident the writer in the *Alta* believes it is not worth a man's while to live outside California. If such ideas are circulated extensively, it may be necessary to give public notice that large men will not be permitted to imigrate to this State. The little fellows would not fill it up so fast.

It is expected that over 20,000 American people will visit Vienna this summer, all of whom will take gold to the tune of several millions, with which to pay their expenses, as our currency is not acceptable in Europe. The effect will be to tighten an already over-taxed money market by our American aristocrats, who seem determined to follow the example of the Irish absentee landlords.

Admiral Farragut has been awarded $260,000 as prize money for the destruction of rebel vessels at the capture of New Orleans.

The various Labor organizrtions in the East have determined not to allow employers to encroach upon the eight-hour system.

Tom Scott, the railroad King, is said to have concluded a purchase of the Southern Pacific Railroad for the sum of $5,000,000.

The city of New York is indebted for gas to the extent of one million dollars, and the company threaten to leave the city in darkness if the bill is not paid promptly.

At a meeting of the Hibernia Benevolent Society, at Sacramento, it was decided to form a State Union, J. W. Armstrong, A. J. O'Brien and James McGuire, of Sacramento, William Eliot, of Marysville, and J. McCarthy, of Stockton, were appointed an acting board, with power to arrange for a State Convention.

The evidence in the trial of Ex-Supervisor Kelly, for attempting to murder B. J. Shay, was an *ex pos'e* of the way our city fathers manage to make the office of Supervisor a profitable one.

Robert M. Lee, who was fined $1,000 for embracery, and sent to prison in default thereof, was released on payment of the money.

Some individual (name unknown) called at the office of the NATIONALIST on Wednesday last in the absence of the manager, and left what he stated was an advertisement in the hands of the foreman, as well as coin in payment. It not having any sense in it, the manager declines to insert it without first having an interview with the writer.

"Our sick neighbor" unfortunate Mexico, cannot be cured; but may be used as medicine. The Great Republic wants a pill to help her to digest the national debt. She may swallow Mexico. Isn't it really very kind of those who speak of "a sick neighbor," and wish to swallow him. Human nature is full of villainy; but political human nature is all rascality.

Semmes, the Captain of the Alabama, is a jolly old joker and a lawyer. It has been ascertained that we made England pay a million more than she owed for damages. Semmes says, "It would be a pity to pay any of it back, and hints that himself and the men he commanded are entitled to a share of it." Semmes is a man of sixty, with iron gray hair, far from imposing in appearance, and very like an old American farmer. Unaunted courage and gallantry appear in many shapes, though wrongly applied.

A little girl on Minna street, near Fourth, was seriously hurt by a truck on Thursday last. A careless driver committed the accident, and a thoughtless crowd permitted him to pass on unquestioned. The little girl was attended by Dr. Pring, and is now doing well.

The Harbor Commissioners have commenced making changes, and have displaced Colonel P. Walsh, the Assistant Secretary, by appointing J. E. Skidmore to the position, and Special Counsel Thomas P. Ryan must make way for J. W. Swift.

The Pacific Theatre, the Metropolitan, and Maguire's Opera House are to be removed within thirty days from the 21st of March, as they stand on Montgomery Avenue.

The British public are urging upon the authorities the necessity of taking criminal proceedings against the publishers of indecent medical works and circulars, and a general subscription is opened for the purpose. It is time some steps were taken in that direction in San Francisco.

Legal proceedings are to be instituted against Ben Holladay for fraudulent representations in placing the bonds of the Oregon and California Railroad on the market, which caused Dabney & Morgan, of New York, and the Sulzbach Bros., of Frankfort Germany, to negotiate $10,950,000 of its bonds at prices which netted the company $6,500,000. President Hollady, it is further asserted, took a contract from this company to build the railroad at the rate of about $30,000 a mile. On the proceeds of the sale of these bonds, and portions of the land grant mentioned below, he built 230 miles, leaving the most difficult and expensive portion of the line unfinished.

THAT VICIOUS DOG.—Mr. Charles MacDermet keeps a savage dog at Oakland, and this dog, roaming round without a muzzle, met a poor peddler and bit him in the leg. The peddler sued for damages, and a San Francisco jury awarded him $500. Savage dogs at large, where people have a right to be, ought to be muzzled. This fine, small as it is, will muzzle the dogs.

Dress making and millinery in this city now employ Chinamen to do the sewing. They are cheaper than females, and will soon become as expert.

Ex-Governor Downey arrived in this city on Tuesday, from Los Angeles, and is now shaking hands with his friends.

The hanging of Foster, in New York, is a very good caution to all who carry arms.

The *Chronicle* reporter, Boggart, denies the charges of embezzlement against him, and has been admitted to bail in the sum of $10,000.

The conundrum now asked is, "Do members of the Police force accept remuneration for services rendered to prisoners?"

Forty dollars bounty is offered in this city for sailors on foreign bound vessels.

Out of sixty-four applicants for certificates as teachers on Thursday, only two obtained first-class certificates.

TO OUR READERS.

Our Irish news is very limited this week. Our Irish American exchanges are full of church news, lists of Grand Juries, and reports of Agricultural cattle shows, where fat beasts were the great attraction. This is not the news to suit our pages. When our Irish exchanges are to hand we promise you a sample of news from the old land that will be really interesting. The sale of Irish estates to Irish tenants. A firm resolution by Irishmen, in Ireland, not to enlist in the British army, would be good news, and we hope to hear it by the next mail.

Indiana and Ohio are quarreling as to which State has the most poor-houses.

Answers to Correspondents.

P. B. HAVILAH:—If you are dissatisfied with the *Monitor*, write to the editor. The charges you bring against that paper require proof. Put a plain statement of facts before him, and he will give you an answer. J. G. D. is not the writer of the article you refer to. We happen to know the man, and he is "an Irishman, body and soul."

LANE, Nortonville:—We have not received the subscription for the Club.

L. S., Eureka, Nevada:—Five copies of the NATIONALIST are forwarded by this mail to your address.

P. O. B., Watsonville:—Ten copies of the NATIONALIST by this day's mail.

B. MCCARTHY, Sacramento:—Yes. you can aid the cause in that way. We send twenty copies of this day's paper to your address. If you are satisfied with the sample, circulate them among your friends. Now is the time for all true Irishmen to assist a paper that means work, and no humbug. If we fail, the fault is with the people. They want a real live, Irish paper. Here it is; but without friends to secure its circulation, it must sink. Up to this time our venture promises to be a complete success, but we want ALL our friends to aid us, and enable us to prove that the Irish people on the Pacific coast are able and willing to have a paper not exclusively their own, but aoly advocating the establishment of an Irish Republic.

EUGENE GEARY, San Rafael, a true Irishman, will, of course, establish the Club.

COL. O'MALLEY, Salt Lake City:—By all means, send us the news. From every Irishman with a thought in his head and an hour to spare, we solicit a letter. Local news, or ideas regarding Ireland would be very acceptable. In every town of California and the border States there are Irishmen who can assist us by sending on the latest news.

Amusements.

CORIOLANUS.—The noble Roman who defeated his country's foes in battle, and then refused to show his wounds as evidence of merit, was A MAN. The ungrateful people banished this haughty hero; he entered the camp of the Volscians, and was received with royal honors by their great commander Aufidius. He humbled haughty Reme, and died, having presented to friends and foes unquestionable evidence of consummate skill as a leader, unbounding courage, unconquerable pride, and best of all, the owner of an honest heart. Such a man is well worth looking at. John McCullough presents him to the public every night at the California Theatre. We have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the best Irish and English actors representing Coriolanus, and we declare solemnly that Mr. McCullough is "the noblest Roman of them all." Go and see him as the haughty noble Roman Coriolanus.

WILSON'S AMPITHEATRE.—The attendance every evening this week has been very good. The ladies, boys, and gentlemen are magnificent riders. The feats of horsemanship performed are truly amazing—enough to astonish gentlemen who are accustomed to ride in easy carriages, street cars or railways. The ladies on horseback appear to be experts in the art of managing wild horses, and are fearless riders. While the horse is in the act of jumping through the flames, the lady bounds over the fire, and backs her staed while he continues his headlong gallop. The clown is a first rate comic actor; his wit a superior sample of the best kind. The hearty laughter he creates entitles him to the good wishes of all who desire to forget for an hour the cares and sorrows of life. To those who wish to see fine horses and fearless riders, and desire to hear original sallies of true wit, we say—visit Wilson's Amphitheatre, on Sutter street, between Kearny and Montgomery.

The Hannah House.

Within the last eight months quite a number of large and handsome frame building have been erected in different parts of the city, but all, with only one exception, though having an external appearance, inside lack the room, and light, and convenience in location of room which a person would expect from their outward appearance. The exception we refer to is the Hannah House on the corner of Fifth and Market streets, built by Mons. Frecot, and leased by Mrs. Hannah for a family hotel, containing 132 rooms, splendidly located in suits or single, all facing some street, and entered from halls, which for light and air excel anything we have seen in any hotel in the State. A more magnificent building, with the latest modern improvements for comfort there is not in the city. Mrs. Hannah informs us that it is her intention to make the house combine all the comforts of home with the convenience and attention of a first-class hotel. As the carpets are not yet laid, we will postpone saying anything about furniture, etc., but from the peep with which we were favored, we can promise that the furniture and upholstery will be supurb.

Foreign News.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 25.—Advices have just been received from the Principalities of Servia, of a serious revolt against the Government of the Sublime Porte. The Prince of Servia has declared the Principality to be an independent power, and declines to acknowledge the supremacy of the Porte. The payment to the Sultan of the annual tribute of $1,000,000 has been refused by the Prince. The Government is prepared to concentrate a large body of troops in the Province of Bosnia, near the border of Servia, to be ready in case of emergency.

BERLIN, March 25.—The German, Russian and Austrian Governments have jointly refused to recognize the Spanish republic, refusing their sympathy and support as desired in the circular of Senor Emilio Castelar. The Minister of State says: "The refusal is based on the grounds that a republican form of government has been imposed by the Spanish Assembly because of the pressure of the masses."

News from Cuba is favorable for the insurgents.

The Republicans of Spain are rising *en masse* for the purpose of suppressing the Carlists.

President Thiers, of France, is dangerously ill.

The Spanish Cortes has abolished slavery in the island of Porto Rico, which is more than Monarchy would ever have thought of doing.

Editing a newspaper is very much like raking a fire—every one thinks he can perform the operation better than the man who has hold of the poker.

A shoe-dealer in Broadway advertises "Women's Rights—and Lefts!"

All Sorts.

ON MARRIAGE—TO THE YOUNG MEN.—The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally, she is not rich. But, oh! what a heart she has when you find her! so large, and pure, and womanly. When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside were women. If you gain her love, your two thousand are millions. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them if necessary, with no vulgar magnificat to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome, when you come home, that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't you're a brute), and teach you how to pity, while you scorn, a poor, fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy.

Now, do not, I pray you, say, any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go, find the true woman, and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch-cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.—*Holmes.*

On a waman with red hair, who wrote poetry—Unfortunate woman! how sad is your lot! Your ringlets are red, but your poems are not.

An English gentleman informed his steward that he wes to have a clergymen to dine. "Be they High Church or be they Low?" said the steward. "What has that to do with it?" was the reply. "Wery much," was the answer. "If they be High Church we want more wine; if they be Low Church, we want more wittles!"

A Western bummer lately put himself to bed on the steps of a church, and trying to fold the snow-flakes around him, declared every time he grasped a handful that the darned sheets always tore so!

M'lle Bardon, a dressmaker, who recently tried to drown herself in the Seine, exclaimed: "We have no liberties!" When she was pulled out, instead of thanking her preservers, she cried out: "They don't even allow us to drown ourselves."

Never laugh at a man with a pug nose; you don't know what might turn up.

Thirty persons were recently poisoned at Coral, Mich., by eating sausages. That's what comes of leaving brass collars on the dogs.

Ten persons in England have died, leaving more than five millions of dollars. The poor relations are smiling through their tears.

In China the marriage ceremony lasts three days.

"SPIERS & POND SALOON"

COR. BUSH AND KEARNY STREETS,

"JAMIESON," "DANVILLE," "MURPHY," "BURKE,"

Or any other good brand, and all other drinks.

HAYES & CO.....Proprietors.

"SPIERS & POND SALOON."

COR. BUSH AND KEARNY STREETS.
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Jackson Michigan Wagon.

The largest assortment on this coast now in store and for sale very low—all Wagons warranted for two years.

J. D. ARTHUR & SON.
Corner of California and Davis Streets, San Francisco.
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THE BEST

CATHOLIC BOOK STORE!

H. C. BATEMAN, No. 203 Kearny Street,

Has just received a New and Elegant Stock of

Holy Bibles and Prayer Books,

Bound in fine Velvet, Mother of Pearl and Ivory Beads, and Medals in Gold and Silver, Pearl, Garnet and Amber. Also, a first-class stock of Books, suitable for presents, by the best Authors. jy4-tf

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High and Low Pressure Boilers of all kinds, built according to drawing or Specifications, and Sheet Iron Work executed at the shortest notice, on the most reasonable terms.

Repairing Promptly attended to, and at reasonable rates. Agents for Robinson's Government Lock Valve. jy4-tf

MANHATTAN HOUSE

705 and 707 Front St., between Pacific and Broadway SAN FRANCISCO.

Board and Lodging, per Week, - - $4 50.
Board, per Day, - - - - - 75c.

Good accommodations for Families.

N. B.—This House has just been renovated. Free Coach to the House.

JAMES CORNYN.....Proprietor
(Formerly of the Central House.) jy4-tf

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CELTIC CLUB HOUSE.

Baines & Caniffe..... ....PROPRIETORS

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SAMUEL I. C. SWEZEY - - - Secretary

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Giant Powder No. 2,

is superior to any other blasting material for bank blasting, Coal Mines, and all medium hard rock.

PRICE:—Fifty cents per pound.

BANDMAN, NIELSON, & Co., Gen. Agents.
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Manila Cordage,
Whale Line,
Bale Rope.
Tarred Manila Cordage, etc.

Manufactured from Pure Manila Hemp.

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MANUFACTORY AT THE POTRERO. de4-tf

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Goods delibered free of charge to any part of the city. mh9-tf

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Billheads.....$3 to $4 per 1000.
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MERCHANT TAILOR.

$6 00
$6 00
$6 00

Pants to Order..... $6.

M. SHORT,

ON 527 Commercial Street, San Francisco jy4-tf,

P. T. Flynn & Son.

Dealers in

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Equestrian Photographs and Pictorial Photographs can be had at this Gallery only. The attention of Visitors is called to these New and Novel Designs, which cannot be seen at any other Gallery.

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Philadelphia Brewery,

JOHN WIELAND - - Proprietor.

Second Street, Near Folsom, San Francisco. jy4-tf

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 29, 1873

FRATERNIZE.

Forward, forward, Men of Munster,
Burnish'd rifle, sharpen'd pike;
Lightning swift the hour is coming,
When like freemen we shall strike.
Put your trust in one another,
Spite of halters, racks and spies;
Know your right and left-hand fellows—
Men of Munster, FRATERNIZE.

Farward, forward, Men of Leinster,
Now or never forward all;
With the aids that freedom loveth—
Push of pike and crack of b:ll,
Thrones and denominations crumble;
Banded slaves by union rise;
Singly ye are weak as water—
Men of Leinster, FRATERNIZE.

F rward, forward, Men of Connaught,
Waken drum and piercing fife;
Who so panteth after freedom,
Now must move through blood and strife.
Erin calls you, vengeance summons,
Hear you not their thunder cries?
Curs'd be he who faints or falters—
Men of Connaught, FRATERNIZE.

Forward, forward, Men of Ulster,
Think of Owen brave and true;
Let the glorious hour inspire you,
Up together, die or do.
For the sake of all who love you,
For the sake of all you prize,
For the weal of Holy Ireland—
Men of Ulster, FRATERNIZE,

Men of Ireland, wrong-o'er laden,
Famine-scourged, and law-oppressed,
March ye forth, by love battalioned,
North and South, and East and West;
Brother, stand beside your brother;
Where's the might beneath the skies,
That can chain six million "felons"?
Men of Ireland, FRATERNIZE.

—J. BRENAN.

IRISH DIRECTORY

Third (Irish) Regiment, N. G. C. Field and Staff Officers:—A. Wason, Colonel; M. C. Bateman, Lieutenant-Colonel; J. J. Conlin, Major; P. J. Tannian, Adjutant; Frank Mahon, Quartermaster; J. D. Cusheon, Paymaster; James Barrett, Commissary; Dr. Green, Surgeon; Rev. Father Largan, Chaplain.

Co. A, Montgomery Guards; Captain, C. Quinn; First Lieutenant, W. Lee; Second Lieutenant, T. Butler; Color Bearer, John Gleason; drill in Armory Hall.

Co. B, Emmet Life Guards; Captain, R. Clery; drill in Irish-American Hall every Thursday.

Co. C, Meagher Guards; Captain, J. Eagan; drill in Armory Hall.

Co. D, Wolfe Tone Guards; Captain, J. Leddy; First Lieutenant, M. O'Brien; Second Lieutenant, John Byrne; drill in Armory Hall every Thursday.

Co. E, MacMahon Guards; Captain, J. H. McMenomy; First Lieutenant, H. Casey; Second Lieutenant, E. F. Gleason; drill in Hall corner Sixth and Market every Tuesday.

Co. F, Shields Guards; Captain, M. Flanagan; drill in Hibernia Hall every Wednesday.

Sarsfield Guards, (Independe t); Captain, H. C. Bateman; First Lieutenant, S. C. Walsh; drill in Irish-American Hall. on Tuesdays.

Co, A. Legion of St Patrick; Captain, M. B. Hughes; First Lieutenant, J. Dooley; Second Lieutenant, D. Magner; drill in Hibernia Hall every Tuesday.

Hibernia Rifles; Captain, J. J. Carroll; First Lieutenant, P. A. McDonald; Second Lieutenant, M. F. Walsh; drill in Irish-American Hall every Wednesday.

Jackson Dragoons; Captain, M. Greany; drill in La Grande Armory every Friday.

Sons of the Emerald Isle—Meet first Wednesday of the month at Irish-American Hall. John Kenny, President; J. Kelly, V. P.; J. O'Brien, R. S.; P. S. Guerin, F. S.; T. Burke, C. S.; J. O'Donnell, T.; Dr. Newell, corner Mission and New Montgo ery, Physician.

Irish-Americans—Meet in Irish-American Hall. John Collins, President; T. McInerney, V. P.; J. O'Donnell, R. S.; M. J. McInerney, F. S.: J. Heany, C. S.; J. Grant, T.; Dr. Hutchings, 222 Post street, Physician.

Laborers' Protective and Benevolent Association—Meet first Friday of each month at Irish-American Hall. M. Sullivan, President; M. Callahan, Secretary.

St. Joseph's Temperance, L. and B. Association—Meet every Sunday at two o'clock P. M. Daniel MacSweeney, President; M. O'Brien Secretary.

St. Mary's Temperance and Literary Society—Meet every Sunday in the basement of St. Mary's Cathedral. J. Anderson, President.

Father Matthew Temperance Society—Meet every Sunday evening in Irish-American Hall. J. Rafferty, President.

St. Joseph's Benevolent Society—Meet in basement of St Mary's Cathedral. J. R. Kelly, President; N. Winne, Secretary.

Irish Volunteers—Captain, T. Lynch; drill on Mondays.

Thomas F. Burke Circle, F. B—Centre, P. H. Lydon; Secretary, Thomas Kehoe.

A. O. H.—State Officers: M. Warde, S. D.; J. J. Donovan, S. S.

County Officers: M. J. Wrin, C. D.; J. F. Meagher, G. P.; J. C. Brady, G. V. P.; T. Drady, G. S.; P. Carr, G. A. S.; John Cooney, G. T.

Division No. 1.—Meet first Friday of the month at Hibernia Hall. James Barrett, President; J. Ginty, V. P.; J. M. Dwyer, R. S.; M. Kelly, F. S.; C. Dillon, T.

Division No. 2.—Meet first Thursday of the month at Hibernia Hall. James Cahill, President; W. Gillern, V. P.. B. McDermott, R. S.; J. Reed, F. S.; M. McManomy, T.

Division No. 3.—Meet third Tuesday of the month at Charter Oak Hall. T. M. Conolly, President; P. Kennedy, V. P.; D. Ryan, F. S.; P. McQuaide, R. S.; C. Farrelly, T.

Division No. 4.—Meet first Friday of the month at Irish-American Hall. T. P. Wall, President; J. Butler, V. P.; T. D. Sullivan, R. S.; R. Tobin, F. S.; P. Kendrick, T.

Division 5.—Meet first Wednesday of the month at their Hall, Dolores Street. P. R. Hanna, President; J. Broderick, V. P.; J. McGrath, R. S.; P. Harrington, F. S.; John Kenny, T.

Division 6.—Meet second and fourth Friday of the month at Charter Oak Hall. M. C. Hassett, President; J. A. Lennon, V. P.; James P. Meagher, R. S.; E. R. Birmingham, F. S.; Thos. Donnelly, T.

Division 7.—Meet first Wednesday of the month at Riggers' and Stevedores' Hall, Pacific street. J. O'Dowd, President; M. Wherity, V. P.; J. W. Murphy, R. S.; W. Higgins, F. S.; J. O'Callaghan, T.

Division No. 8.—Meet at Tammany Hall. W. Gilleran, President; T. Flynn, V. P.; H. McClosky, F. S.; W. V. Gaffey, R. S.; T. Laughlin, T.

Thos. F. Bourke Circle F. B.—Meet every Tuesday in Hibernia Hall.

K. R. B. No. 1.—Meet every Thursday at I. C. Hall, 715 Market street.

K. R. B. No. 2.—Meet every Tuesday at I. C. Hall.

Bourke and Luby Club, I. C.—Meet every Monday at I. C. Hall. Frank Mahon, President; P. J. Casey, Secretary.

Thomas Davis Club, I. C.—Meet every Wednesday at I. C. Hall. T. C. Maher, President; W. Cotter, Secretary.

We have started with the above as a beginning for what we intend to make a standing Directory for all the Irish Organizations, military and civic, on this Coast. To enable us to supply omissions, and to make the Directory full and satisfactory, we respectfully call on the Secretaries of the different Irish societies of the city and the State to forward us at once the names of their officers, the time and place of meeting, the date of their organization, and whatever other information they may deem important. We will publish all matters of importance without charge.

The wife of George Lanahan, a Kentuckian, ran away with a chap named Taylor, a short time ago, and poor George had to leave his crops right in the busy season and go and kill Taylor; and now, after he had peacefully settled down with her, after trial and acquittal, another man has gobbled her up and departed. He is debating whether 'tis nobler to pursue them and send No. 2 in search of the twining woodbine, also, or to give up the woman entirely and get another.

The Case of Ireland.

Michael Doheny treated this subject in the *Irish Tribune*, Dublin, June 24th, 1848; and what he then described so well is true as ever. He said:

Ireland's agricultural population are its people. Commerce there is none. Of artistic energy there is just enough to supply native demand. No tradesman would be idle if every peasant could live like a man. And be it well remembered that there is no such thing as "surplus" labor. Surplus labor is the false cant of economists who would move about human beings as remorselessly and indifferently as chessman on a board to win their own sordid game. With them the end of man is to add to the public hordes, to pay placemen, state households, profligates, gamblers, debauchees—that is to say, "society;" and when he fails to fulfil this, his proper mission, he is "surplus" with the cold philanthropist, a "pauper" with the callous statesmen—an eye-sore, a nuisance, a burden, a curse, with the aforesaid "society." Please God, he shall find his level in Ireland, whatever society says to the contrary. He shall be well fed, well housed, well clothed, well educated, and well worked, no matter at what cost. The teeming earth is overspread with barrenness and weeds. I speak not now of bog or moor or mountain, what cant calls "waste lands" (all our land is waste), but of what is clothed with the semblance of cultivation. Every acre in Ireland would produce on an average twice the fruit it now bears; and its tilling and tending would occupy twice the number of men now living and dying in the island, together with those who sleep at Skibbereen and Skull, and Gross Island, and in the dark depths of the Atlantic.

And wherefore have they perished with the means of life so near, so fruitful, and so sure? The land is there, the sun, the dew, the blessing of God raining down abundance upon the earth, and wherefore have His people perished?

To solve this question is the business of revolution—to take good care God's bounty is not bestowed in vain, to give to man his first inheritance, and with it its first obligation—to afford him the means of fulfilling the primeval curse, but to assure him existence. If this be not the end, better that we should begin never, never, never.

There is in this ancient kingdom a glowing, bounding, immortal spirit, that thirsteth after independence. The hope, the passion to create, to guide, to control, a distinct national existence she imbibed with her life's-blood from God. And it will live forever. And with it her genius shall be quickened, and her heroism fired. Woe, woe to him who mars this solemn voice of eternity.

But down at the base are the people. To save them is the proper work of to-day—to save them and reconstruct their social security out of the fragments of disorganization and ruin. The first step is to scourge English power, name, and nature from the island—viceroys, cut-throats, hireliegs, spies, and hangmen. Then, and not till then, shall we have time and space for this great social fabric. It will be beset with formidable obstacles: clashing interests, vested rights, public plunder, insubordination, hot anarchy, all the bye-words of faction and class, known or unknown, will be heard in objection to any comprehensive and saving measure; but a clear road must be sought through them all, and MAN placed upon the soil free, secure, and unlorded.

Beautiful Ireland.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following paragraph on "Beautiful Ireland," though it would, perhaps, have been more fortunate had the trampled land looked less lovely in English eyes, at least in the days that are gone:

"We know, of course, that Ireland is called the "Emerald Isle," and the color of the emerald is green, but never had it entered into our imagination that there was anywhere in this world to be seen such verdure as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland. The slopes, the knolls, the dells, fields of young grain, over which the breezes creep like playful spirits of the beautiful, the pastures, dotted over with sheep of the purest wool, the hillsides rising up into mist-shrouded mountains, are all covered with thick carpets of smooth velvet green. But Ireland should also be called the Flowery Isle. There is not a spot in Ireland, I believe, where blessed nature can find an excuse for putting a flower, but she has put one—not only in the gardens and in the meadows, but upon the very wall and the crags of the sea, from the great blooming rhododendrons, down to the smallest flowret that modestly peeps forth from its grassy cover. The Irish furze, so richly yellow, covers all places that might otherwise be bare or barren; the silkworm delights everywhere from thousands of trees, to drop its webb of gold; the blooming hawthorn, with the sweet-scented pink, and especially the white variety, adorns the landscapes and the gardens: wall-flowers of every hue and variety clamber to hide the harshness of the mural supports; the beetle cliffs of the North sea are fringed and softened with lovely flowers; and if you kneel anywhere almost on the yielding, velvet carpet, you will find little, well nigh invincible flowrets, red, white, blue and yellow, wrought into the very wool of texture. Ireland ought to be called the Beautiful Isle. The spirit of the Beautiful hovers over and touches to living loveliness every point."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"DR. DOHERTY is a skilful physician and honorable gentleman. Any statements he makes to his patients he is sure to fulfil. That fact is one great cause of his eminent success in his profession. It is fortunate that among the many advertising physicians there is one who can be depended on."—Review.

"DR. DOHERTY'S reputation as a physician is a sufficient guarantee for the cure of any case he undertakes.'—Calavaras Chronicle.

"DR. DOHERTY has devoted his study more particularly to chronic, specific and secret practice, and as such is now the most successful of any physician in San Francisco."—Free Press.

"DR. DOHERTY'S reputation is second to no other physician on the coast in chronic and specific practice.'—Mirror.

"DR. DOHERTY.—Few men in the medical profession have succeeded in gaining the confidence of the public in their skill and judgment as he has." Enquirer.

"DR. DOHERTY ranks as one of our most distinguished physicians, and also one of the most successful, which is now the criterion by which the medical practitioner is judged."—Echo.

'DR. DOHERTY enjoys a more extensive practice than any physician in this State."—Express.

DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamplet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility; being a short Treatise on Spermatorrhœa or Seminal weakness. Impotence, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation or self abuse, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs.

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all, whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of SIX CENTS in postage stamps for return postage. Address,

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.
San Francisco, Cal.

Crab apples go into one end of a mill at Trenton, N. J., and come out of the other labelled "Bordeaux."

[Communicated.]

Temperance Organizations.

Among the many benevolent associations daily growing into notice none are more worthy of commendation and encouragement than the Temperance Societies. In their organization, a great want of the laboring and mechanic classes is supplied; to wit, the aggregation of small sums, in the form of monthly dues paid by each member into one fund, devoted to the relief of sick and indigent members, thus making each society become, by co-operative effort, a mutual Health, Accident, and Life Insurance Company to its members, and at a cost so slight to each member concerned that it cannot possibly become a burden. In these and kindred organizations our industrial classes are acquiring the knowledge, self-reliance, mutual respect, and ability to act harmoniously together for the general good, that will enable them in the not far distant future to aid materially in the solution of the great social problem of the age. Let the toiling masses once acquire the power to act together, to render mutual aid, and we will hear no more about the tyranny of capital. The first and hardest lesson necessary for man to learn is that of self-control—the government of his appetites and habits, instead of being governed by them; and this lesson he can best learn by becoming a member of a Temperance Society. This once learned, the other and advancing steps become easy. Among our countrymen in the Eastern States these organizations have assumed a vast importance, and prove that a great and silent revolution is taking place, the first seeds of which were sown by the great and good Father Matthew. So great is their number that in New York city alone it is estimated that on St. Patrick's Day there will be ranged under the Banner of Temperance in the procession not less than thirty thousand men. In this city there are several societies, in all of which mutual aid and culture are the cardinal principles, and temperance the corner stone. One of these societies—the Father Matthew No. 1—possesses another attractive feature aside from its benevolent objects and its advocacy of temperance. In addition to its weekly business meetings, it holds a Sunday evening literary entertainment, free to all who choose to enter, in which instruction is combined with amusement. The exercises consist of a lecture, select readings, music and singing. The large and appreciative audience that is to be seen in Irish-American Hall each Sunday evening is ample evidence that these efforts strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the people, and that they are efforts in the true direction which supply the people, especially, the youth, with moral and intellectual amusement. Were these efforts multiplied, had we many other similar places of amusement, instruction, and good example, might we not hope that the number of producers would be increased, and the number of those who live easily on the weakness and follies of their kindred be lessened?

An original Pennsylvania editor comes out fairly and squarely. He calls his paper "an airy sheet, devoted to wind, whiskey, wickedness, and other religious matter. Vox populus, Vox Beelzebub."

DR. CHARLES H. TOZER'S
PRIVATE
Medical Institute
N. E. Corner of Jackson and Kearny Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
The Great Eradicator of Special Complaints, Formerly of Locke Hospital, London, eight years in Sacramento, and the last ten years in San Francisco.

DR. TOZERS

Experience is of forty years standing, and during that time has met with unparalleled success in the treatment of all those diseases generally known as

Venereal or Chronic.

It is impossible here to mention all the diseases with which he is familiar; some, perhaps, will not be out of place. The most formidable, the most destructive to mankind is Self-Abuse. The brain being the seat of the disease the whole system suffers in consequence. I will here enumerate some of the symptoms, so that those afflicted may be able to form an opinion in regard to their complaints, and seek advice in time, thereby saving themselves a world of suffering: Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Pain in the Limbs and Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Limbs, Headache, and an aversion to the general society, especially that of females. There are a great many more, but these are sufficient, and should you be suffering from any of them, call on Dr. Tozer, and he will cure you in a short time, without any interruption in your business—or state your case by letter, and there will be no occasion for your calling at the office.

Stricture of the Urethra

Is another formidable enemy to health. Send for one of my circulars on that disease, and inform yourself of its terrible results. The worst cases cured in a few days.

Venereal Diseases

In all their various forms, either Primary, Secondary or Hereditary, completely eradicated from the system.—Your constitution being restored to perfect health, there will be no danger of handing down to your children that terrible disease known as Scrofula.

Syphilitic Disease,

As it presented itself on this coast, is of a more formidable character than that seen in the Atlantic States Europe, arising from the fact of its being a compound Spanish, Chinese and Sandwich Island disease. Those of you who have visited the two latter countries no doubt have seen the dreadful effects of it on both the native and foreign population. It reqires altogether different modes of treatment. After devoting to the practice of his profession and the successful treatment of Chronic Diseases

Forty Years of his Life,

He determined to retire from his profession and devote the remainder of his days to the quiet enjoyment of private life: but the constant applications from the suffering everywhere, calling him to their relief, finally determinad to visit once more the scene of his early triumphs, Lock Hospital, and to spend a year within its wards in familiarizing himself with all the

New Methods

Of treatment in that celebrated institution and then devote a few more years of his life to the alleviation of suffering humanity. He is again located at his old office, corner of Jackson and Kearny Streets, San Francisco, where, for ten years previous, his practice as a Specialist resulted in the cure of all cases brought under his care. The Doctor's motto is: "Honorable and successful treatment and moderate charges to all." My

Monthly Restorative Pills

Were never known to fail in giving relief in the cases for which they were recommended, and are to be obtained only at my office. Price Five Dollars, with full directions on each box. Sent by mail or express.

To Correspondents.

Patients of either sex residing in any part of the country, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. TOZER, can, by submitting a written statement of the case to the Doctor, receive all the attention and medicine necessary to effect a cure without the necessity of a personal interview.

All letters strictly confidential, opened and answered only by the Doctor himself.

Consultation, at the office or by letter, FREE.

DR. CHAS. H. TOZER,
Corner of Kearny and Jackson Streets,
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Entrance on Kearny St. Je-1-tf.

PRATT'S
ABOLITION OIL!

The unprecedented success of this GREAT FAMILY REMEDY, and the universal satisfaction given by it in all cases, are the legitimate results of its intrinsic merits. KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE—BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR.

PRATT'S ABOLITION OIL is good at all times, reliable at all times, applicable at all times; gives relief more speedily in all cases of internal and external aches and pains than any other remedy in use. Just as sure as you use it according to directions, just so surely will it cure:—

Rheumatism,	**Neuralgia,**
Paralysis,	**Sprains,**
Bruises,	**Pain in the Side,**
Headache,	**Diptheria,**
Coughs and Colds,	**Colic,**
Cramps,	**Cholera Morbus,**
Gout,	**Lame Back,**
Pains in the Loins,	**Pleurisy,**
Sore Throat,	**Stiff Joints,**
Felons,	**Toothache,**
Earache,	**Swollen Joints,**
Diarrhoea,	**Lumbago,**
Contracted Cords,	**Swellings,**

Pain in the Breast,

And all internal and external aches and pains. Ask your druggist for PRATT'S ABOLITION OIL, and take no substitute.

PRICE.

Small Size.....Fifty Cents
Large Size.....One Dollar

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Druggists and Dealers.

PRATT'S
NEW LIFE!

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER AND LIVER INVIGORATOR IN THE WORLD. PURELY VEGETABLE, prepared from fresh Shaker roots and herbs. Cures all disorders arising from impure blood. Restores the Tone and Vivor of the System.

PRICE.

Per Bottle.....One Dollar

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ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRATT'S
Vocal Stimulants!

For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and all Bronchial Complaints. They are carefully and thoroughly medicated, free from all nauseating and deleterious ingredients, and are an effective as well as a pleasant remedy. Mothers pronounce them invaluable for children in cases of Whooping Cough and Croup; they act directly on the pulmonary organs, without deranging the stomach or constipating the bowels. To Singers and Public Speakers they are indispensable, as they lubricate the vocal organs, and prevent all irritation of the mucous membrane.

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PRIVATE MEDICAL AID
QUICK CURES
MODERATE CHARGES
DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S
PRIVATE MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE

No. 519 Sacramento Street, corner of Leidesdorff street, (a few doors below the What Cheer House.) Private entrance on Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the Afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of secrecy, and all sexual disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of CHRONIC DISEASES of the LUNGS, LIVER, KIDNEYS, DIGESTIVE and GENITO-URINARY ORGANS, and all private diseases, viz: SYPHILIS, in all its forms and stages; SEMINAL WEAKNESS, and all the horid consequences of self-abuse; GONORRHŒA, GLEET, STRICTURES, NOCTURNAL and DIURNAL EMISSIONS, SEXUAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE BACK and LOINS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER and KIDNEYS, etc., etc.; and he hopes his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment and implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their remedial agent. It will be seen their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the unwary than to sound the praises of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A CASE OF GLEET AND STRICTURE.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment, for your fee was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured, the Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunates who require medical advice, if you have any doubt as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonnorhœa. Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them.

I am, Doctor, very truly yours, L——H——.
San Francisco, June 15th, 1864.
subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, A. D,. 1864.
(L. S.) A. S. GOULD, Notary Public

SEMINAL WEAKNESS—A SWORN-TO CERTIFICATE OF MOST REMARKABLE CURE OF SPERMATORRHŒA.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induces me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatorrhœa" or Seminal weakness, the result of self-abuse, but till in 1855 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was averse to society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, but reading DR. DOHERTY'S card I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the fifth of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself.

JAMES JOHNSTON

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day January, A. D., 1864.
[L. S.] A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, vaginitis, all diseases of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor. W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death. All Married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The doctors offices are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherty in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies,) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the letter or parcel transmitted.

☞ Consultations at the office or by letter, FREE, Permanent cure guaranteed or no pay. Address,

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
San Francisco, Cal.

SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotency, or Verility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness. Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the sexual organs.

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all, whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
jy4-tf San Francisco, Cal.